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like, no advance made by the Institution.
For further particulars, apply to
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jan1-tf

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Payments are required to be made half a session in
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my25-tf

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jan1-tf

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nov16-tf.

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dec21-6m

The Catholic Guardian.

"I BELIEVE IN ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

VOL. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 11, 1873.

No. 18.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SAYS the Sacramento *Union* of December 25th: "The anniversary [of Christmas] has been observed by the Christian Church since 138, and its first celebration was characterized by Masses, as the name indicates. This practice has continued up to the present time, so far as one branch of the Christian Church is concerned." Now, as the *Union* is something of a theological paper, especially in every thing pertaining to the Catholic Church, we hope it will throw a little more light on the *Mass* question. Was it not, in the year 138, the universal practice of Christians to celebrate Mass? Were these early Christians wrong? Were they guilty of a superstition? Without a sacrifice there could be no Mass; without the *real presence* of our divine LORD, there could be no sacrifice. The Mass, according to the *Union's* statement above, must have been established *before* 138. If it did not come from the apostles themselves, when was it instituted, and by whom? The Mass is the grand distinctive feature between Catholicity and Protestantism. If Protestants are right now, if they were right in the sixteenth century, how stood the Christians of 138, who kept the anniversary of our LORD's birth by celebrating *Mass*? Did not they understand the "Scriptures," or must we wait until the Catholic Church canonized certain books, to know what the Scriptures were? Won't the *Union* enlighten us on the subject of the Mass?

It strikes us that there is something either criminal or cowardly in the action of the Government toward the Indians. Down in Arizona, where the Indians fling defiance at the whites, and where the number of the savages is large, a "peace policy" is affected. Settlers and miners are murdered almost daily, but this does not interfere in the least with this "peace policy." On the other hand, a small squad of Indians, in the northern part of this State, the remnant of the Medoc tribe, the whole number—men, women and children—not numbering over two hundred and fifty, were getting along on the best of terms with the settlers; working for wages and acquiring property; but these were ordered to the Reservation, and a squad of settlers went to enforce the order. A fight was the result. Then the Indians, to do as much harm as possible, which is the rule of war, killed some fifteen settlers. The Indians take themselves to caves in the volcano region, where it is almost impossible to get at them; but they propose to make peace if they can have 13,000 acres of land set apart for them on Lost River. It is either this or the extermination of the tribe. Any one who has ever seen an Indian reservation, where the principal object in view is to draw full rations for each Indian, and turn him out, with half a blanket, to catch grasshoppers for a living, would applaud the resolution of the Medocs to die rather than go upon the Government "ranch." Governor BOOTH recommended the Federal Government to treat with the Medocs on the terms above stated; but it seems, from a dispatch from Senator COLE, that the "Government" is afraid the Indians will take such proposed action as an evidence of the Government's lack of courage, and, as there are but few of them, there is a chance to gain the reputation for courage very cheaply. If the position is right in regard to the Medocs, then we must presume that the peace policy toward the Apaches is maintained because they are a powerful and war-like tribe. The Indians were not to blame in resisting the attempt to take them to a reservation where they knew they must endure much hardship and degradation; and it strikes us that the proposition made by Governor BOOTH was most reasonable, and should have received the immediate sanction of the Government.

GONE! An exchange informs us that the old stern-wheel steamer *Victor* is being broken up at Sacramento. The steamboat, as a means of travel, is fast going out of date; but one gets attached to a steamboat almost as much as though it were a living thing. The *Victor* was said to have been the fastest stern-wheel boat ever built, and ten or twelve years ago she was the pride of the Upper Sacramento. But the *Victor* passes out of existence as the railroad supersedes the steamer, and one might almost imagine, as he sees her torn asunder, that the peerless little queen had died of a broken heart at

being thus forsaken! But the bustling, jostling, hurrying railroad has taken from travel all its charms. One is crammed into a seat and does not have the opportunity of meeting and conversing with friends, as on the steamboat. The idea now is to go some-where. Everybody is in a rush. They rush aboard the cars, and when they stop they all rush off, as though one second of time was all they had on earth. It may be an improvement, but we often sigh for the good old steamboat-days. Many pleasant hours have we passed on this same *Victor*. Yes; let us see! It was eleven years ago this month that we led on board the *Victor* the wife of a few hours, since the companion of all our joys and sorrows! But how swiftly the time flies by! This incident seems as of yesterday, but the years can be no longer counted upon the fingers! Noiselessly and swiftly as the *Victor* glided down the winding course of the Sacramento glide we down the stream of life. And the end must come! "Laid up for repairs;" "worn-out;" "gone!" And the busy world moves on. The "old hulk" excites a passing sigh. The vacuum closes, and—"forgotten."

Is it not strange how far people will follow their prejudices or their feelings of hatred? It would hardly be believed that a leading newspaper could be found in America that would indorse the suppression of newspapers for publishing mere information of what was transpiring. Yet it is even so. The *Sacramento Union*, of last Saturday, we believe, goes so far as to give its indorsement to the suppression of certain papers in Germany for publishing the Pope's allocution! For cause, the *Union* informs us that the Pope denounced Germany as a country "where the pitfalls of open violence, calumny and ridicule are employed to destroy the Church, by men who, ignorant of religion themselves, seek to define its dogmas." This is the worst language that could be found in the document for publishing which the newspapers were suppressed! And an American journal indorses it! That is the worst feature we can see about it. We fear much for this country when people have become so apathetic that a leading newspaper can afford to espouse such a cause, or uphold such a proceeding. We thought it was the American idea that every thing should go to the people. But the great empire of Germany trembles lest the people read an address by a poor old man who has neither a home nor a sword! Says the *Union*: "As might have been expected, the German Government has taken prompt steps to prevent its publication. In parts of Prussia, newspapers that made haste to print the allocution have been suspended or suppressed, and all others have been warned not to publish it, on pain of suppression." And, a little further on, it adds: "This is the second step in the war between Church and State, which promises increased bitterness as it progresses, but which is not likely to end as disastrously to the civil power in Germany as that of the tenth century between Frederick Barbarossa and Pope Alexander III. The times have changed, and even Rome will be forced to adapt herself to the times." Yes, the times have changed wonderfully in this country; for a few years ago no paper would have dared so insult the liberty-loving sentiment of the American people as to give its indorsement to any such act! Let them go on with their persecution. From the tone of some of the papers in this country professing to reflect popular sentiment, the persecution may reach the United States, and it may be a long struggle; but as certain as that there is a GOD in Heaven—as certain as that He promised to remain always with His Church, and that the gates of Hell should never prevail against it, just so certain will the triumph come. And great will be the glory of those who pass through the storm, and are not blown away like the chaff from the wheat.

It may seem somewhat presumptuous in us to criticize the action of the Supreme Court of the United States; but it does seem to us that it has gone very wide of the mark in regard to the rights of settlers on the public land. According to the dispatches, the Court has decided that Mr. HUTCHINGS had no right to the land upon which he settled at Yosemite, and that Congress had a right to grant it to the State, or to any one else, *after* his settlement. We believe the Court wrong; but if it is the law that the act of settlement gives no

rights, then the law should be changed immediately. This one case does not interest us, but the principle interests the entire people. When the settler builds his dwelling on a piece of Government land, the whole power of the Government should be used, if necessary, to maintain him there. Public sentiment has been, from the first, in favor of this. The Act of 1807 made it unlawful for any one to survey or take possession of any public land; but those already on the land were allowed to remain *tenants-at-will*. But people would go upon the public land, and much trouble arose in consequence. By Acts of 1830, 1832, 1834, 1836, 1838, and 1840, many of these difficulties were healed; but by the Acts of 1841 and 1848 unrestricted preemptions were granted upon the surveyed lands of the United States. By the Act of March 3d, 1853, the preemption right was extended to the unsurveyed lands of California. Subsequently, the provisions of this Act were extended to several of the other States, by name. But the Act of June 2d, 1862, extended the preemption right to all the public domain, whether surveyed or unsurveyed. This was progressive legislation, demanded by public sentiment and the wants of the people. But, after all this, it seems that the Court is going to take us back to the old *tenant-at-will* doctrine of 1807! We don't know that Congress can be much more explicit in regard to the rights of the settler on public lands; but some one ought to try and write a law which would fix, beyond all question, the rights of those who settle on the public lands, and not have him feel that he is a mere tenant-at-will.

WE desire to call especial attention to an article on the school question taken from the *Buffalo Union*, because it contains extracts from Methodist Bishops fully indorsing the Catholic ideas on the common school question. These Bishops are beginning to see the fruits of Godless education. Catholics have said that "any system of training that ignores the soul can tend only to evil and untold calamities, which will eventually ruin and destroy the land." For saying this they have been denounced as the enemies of education. Now, however, come the Methodist Bishops and repeat the same language. What will be said of them? The only way we can see out of this difficulty is, that every organization calling itself Christian shall insist that while the State supports schools, it give to each school its *pro rata* of public moneys according to the number of children it educates, and let parents choose between the schools. This ought to satisfy every body. They have come now to the Catholic position that children shall have a Christian education; now let them join in with us in the means to attain this very desirable end.

OUR kinfolks over east of the Rocky Mountains are having "a nice time of it." The winds blow buildings down, the snow-storms stop travel and trade, the ice prevents the navigation of the rivers, and fuel commands an enormous price. The only question is, how to keep warm. It was only a few months since that the heat was so intolerable as to send every body off to the mountains who were able to go; and of those who were left, a large percentage died of sun-stroke. Why do people live in such a country, as long as there is plenty of room on this side, where the atmosphere does not vary any-where more than about fifty degrees? Where no one ever suffers from either the heat or the cold; and where the soil is more productive, where a greater variety of crop can be produced than any other portion of the American Union. Come on, over this side—there is plenty of room!

SPEAKING of the Pope's allocution, the *Sacramento Union* says: "This denunciation is a two-edged sword, cutting the German Government and the DÖLLINGER anti-papal-infallibility party of Catholics, who are striving to reconcile true loyalty to the civil power with true loyalty to the Church." We will not quarrel about its being a two-edged sword, because we think the HOLY FATHER capable of wielding just such an instrument; but how are they striving to reconcile true loyalty to the civil power with true loyalty to the Church? The civil power there demands that it, and it alone, shall be the judge of ecclesiastical matters; that no priest shall be removed from any church unless by order of this "civil power;" that no one shall be excommunicated, or, in Protestant parlance, "turned out of the Church" unless

by order of this "civil power." In short, his Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, not only has absolute power in civil matters, but he seeks recognition of his infallibility in matters of faith and morals. Talk about the "Spirit of the Age!" If this "spirit" is driving us into submission, in religious matters, to whoever happens to be our temporal ruler, the quicker it is exorcised the better. It seems, however, that a majority of our American journals indorse these things. It would be right and proper for President GRANT to fix, by proclamation, the religion of the nation during his term, when it might be changed to suit his successor! This is the "spirit" of the age!

THE issue of December 28th closed the twenty-third year of the existence of the Baltimore *Mirror*. It was a pioneer in Catholic journalism. When it started, the newspaper was not the power in the land it now is, and its infancy must have been beset with many difficulties. Even at this time, when every one acknowledges the absolute necessity of the newspaper, it requires a great outlay to establish a first-class journal. May the *Mirror* continue on in its career of usefulness, reflecting Catholic sentiments on future generations as truthfully as it does upon the present.

THE publishers wish us to state, in regard to the picture offered as a premium to each subscriber for 1873, that an order has been sent to New York to procure all there are in that market, but the principal supply must come from Germany, and that an order has been sent for enough to supply all. It may take two or three months to procure these last. They will be procured, however, as fast as possible, and sent out. Each subscriber will get one.

FROM an item published in the *Bulletin*, for the contents of which we can not be responsible, it appears that in Ireland, in 1871, there were then returned, as Protestant Episcopalians, 683,295; as Presbyterians, 558,238; as other Protestants of different sects, 19,035, giving as the whole number of Protestants, 1,260,568. There were returned as Roman Catholics, 4,141,933. The Roman Catholics are, therefore, to the Protestants as 4,141,933 to 1,260,568, or about 3 1-4 to 1.

It is matter of much congratulation to the inhabitants of this State, that while the holidays brought such fearful storms to the Atlantic side, our storm has been particularly beneficial. There was enough rain to dispel all fear of a dry season, and it was so warm all the while as to start the grass and grain every-where, so that while our trans-montane neighbors see nothing but a sheet of ice, our entire State is carpeted with green. Our un-housed stock suffered very little. Even here, the first storm generally kills a good many sheep, but it is said that but few have been lost during the late rain. Let us return thanks to the Giver of all good, for these great gifts.

THE *Catholic Record* for January has just been laid on our table. This is one of the very best magazines in the country, in a literary point of view, and all the while it vindicates sound, safe, Catholic doctrine, and a vein of Christian piety runs through all its pages. We note the following table of contents in the number before us: Doctor Schmucker's "History of all Religions"—The Roman Catholic Church; The Marriage Table; The Shepherd's Visit; Rose Le Blanc, A Story, chapters I, II, and III; Conferences on the Bible and the Church; Early Years of a Catholic Leader, Concluded; The Christmas Gift; Hymns of the Breviary; A Visit to Glasnevin Cemetery; New Year's Eve; About Food and Cookery; Saved by a Mother's Prayer; Universal Suffrage in Italy; Queen Eleanor's Cross; Christmas-tide.

THE new Sunday law, which went into effect on the first instant, was, according to news from different parts of the State, generally respected. A few cases of violation were reported at several points, and the law will, in all probability, be tested before the Supreme Court. When our laws do all that it is possible to do to discourage religious training in the youth of the land, it seems to us to be the sheerest nonsense to try to fix up Sunday laws. It is like rearing a girl in a brothel, and then enacting that she shall be virtuous.

THE *Sacramento Record*, in its issue of January first, has an article on the "Progress of Scientific Inquiry," in which the writer takes it for granted that there is an antagonism between religion and science, and calls upon Christians to forego those superstitions "which the early Christians borrowed from the Latins, which the latter borrowed from the Persians, and which the Persians derived partly from the Jews and partly from Oriental mythology!" We have an article on this subject, which is crowded over to next week.

ACCORDING to the dispatches of the week, which, by the way, we are never prepared to believe in any matters pertaining to the Church, even when there is no apparent interest in telling a falsehood, say that "a large deputation of Catholics from Ireland waited on the Pope to-

day, and presented an address reciting the benefits conferred on Ireland by the Holy See, and tendering his Holiness a contribution of Peter's pence. The Pope, in responding, deplored the ingratitude of the people, who permitted spoliation of the Church. He made an exception in favor of the Irish people, whom he praised for their enduring attachment to the Church, and congratulated them on the preservation of their faith. He concluded by giving the apostolic blessing to Ireland."

OUR thanks are due to WHITE & BAUER, the news-dealers of San Francisco, for a copy of the *California Almanac* for the present year. It contains much information concerning the State and her resources, and is a very valuable reference book. We are also indebted to Mr. FLOOD, 685 Market Street, for a copy of HAVERTY'S *Irish-American Almanac*. This work is neatly gotten up and contains many well-executed engravings. The matter has almost exclusive reference to Ireland and Irish affairs, and is of much value to all who feel an interest in Ireland and her cause.

OWING to some cause—the recent storms, we suppose—we received no European papers before we were compelled to close our forms, and therefore have not our usual supply of "European Notes."

"TROUBLES OF THE POPE."

OUR Sacramento contemporary, the *Union*, troubles itself a great deal about the affairs of the Church. In an article, recently, on the "troubles of the Pope," the editor enumerates these troubles, and expresses the opinion and the hope that greater ones are in store for him. The troubles of the Holy Father are certainly great; but, while they rejoice, his enemies should remember that within this century, even, others of his predecessors have had "troubles" equally great. In fact, the Church has always been troubled. The mission given to St. PETER and his successors was not promised to be without trouble. For some all-wise purpose, God intended that His Church should be persecuted; but, while promising her much "trouble," He gave her the consoling promise—"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." So the Christian that is worthy of the name looks beyond the momentary gloom to the final triumph promised by God Himself. The *Union* gives the substance of the bill introduced into the Italian Parliament, of which the Pope complains as follows:

The Parliament of that country, some ten or twelve days ago, received the draft of a bill from the Minister of Justice, known by the title of the Religious Corporations Suppression bill. Among other things, it declares and enacts that the Society of Jesus, including the chief bureau of the order in Rome, shall be suppressed, and that this "is imperatively demanded by every interest of the nation." In 1866-'7-'8-'70 the Parliament enacted laws for the suppression of other religious corporations, and for the conversion of their property. These laws did not extend to what is known as the Papal States. This new ministerial measure extends the operation of these laws to Rome and the Papal States. It provides as well for the conversion of the property of the corporations as for their suppression; with a condition that this property shall continue to be devoted to charitable purposes, but that the civil government shall be the disbursing of the charities, and not the Church. The edifices at Rome shall remain in possession of the clergy until a dotation law shall have been enacted to provide pensions for the clergy, which is promised within one year from the passage of the bill. After that, the property of religious corporations of the city of Rome shall be converted into inalienable public rentals, from which, in the opinion of the Minister of Justice, the civil authorities will derive a yearly revenue of \$238,400.

It was hardly to be expected that such high-handed proceedings as these would find an open indorsement in a republic like ours, under whose Constitution all are alike protected. But the undeniable tendency of this age is to absolute, despotic power. Even in this country, we notice a disposition to give to executive authority, municipal, State and Federal, a wider range. People seem no longer to be jealous of their rights, and stand ready to applaud each bold stroke by those seeking absolute power, in whatever country it may occur. Although we have long and with deep regret noticed this tendency, we were hardly yet prepared for such language as the following, in a leading American newspaper:

The Parliament and the Cortes, impelled thereto by the good sense and by the absolute necessities of the nations, will seize and sell the estates of the Church, and force will make good the title.

Has the time gone by when such things sound harsh upon American ears? The man who can read such a sentence without having his blood tingle with honest indignation is no longer a fit citizen of a free, constitutional government. If we indorse the force which makes good the title of property stolen from others, by what right would we complain of force making good to the thief the title to our property? This is going away back to the good old days of the "Pine-bender," when might was all the rule of right. How could the editor of the *Union* find fault with the highwayman, who, "impelled by his absolute necessities," should seize his purse, and,

"by force, make good the title?" For the life of us, we can see no difference. It might be a crime to rob the man who indorses robbery, but we don't see that such an one would have any right to complain. If the publishers of the *Union* should be robbed, the robber should certainly have the privilege of reading the article from which we have quoted in justification of the crime, especially if his "necessities" were urgent! That he had a large family, and his expenses were heavy; or that he owed a large debt, and his creditors were "clamorous for coin." Any such excuse would justify a man in appropriating the property of the owners of the *Union*, according to their own doctrine. At the close of the article the *Union* states the case very strongly. Speaking of the religious corporations, whose property is so much coveted by these insolvent governments, the *Union* says:

Their titles were derived from the Church, which generally held, by solemn treaty with sovereigns, some of them a thousand years old. Religion hallowed them, and time confirmed them. Yet we see now, that when they come to be at war with the spirit of the age, force is invoked to destroy them, and public opinion, which, on such occasions, rises above all legal forms, seconds the movement. The reason is clear enough. These religious corporations have ceased to be useful, and are only mischievous to the new organization of human civilization.

Where such doctrines are held, there can be no security of either person or property. A temporary "public opinion" would be all that is necessary to rob any individual or corporation of its property. It is the doctrine of the *International*; of the levelers. The bulk of property gets into the hands of the few; the many say it is "public opinion" that it shall be taken from them; and this, according to the *Union* and *International*, is sufficient reason for perpetrating the deed. It would be a very right and proper thing for Governor BOOTH to issue a proclamation calling upon the people to vote upon the proposition of appropriating to their own use the property of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, or of the Sacramento *Union* Company, and if a majority of one should favor it, it would be "public opinion," and it would be perfectly legitimate to take it? But it is not public opinion in Europe—it is the necessities of usurping, despotic governments, which find the Church somewhat in their way, in their schemes of enslaving the people, and which look, with covetous eyes, upon the property accumulated for the last thousand years by educational institutions. So the proposition of leaving the matter to the people is hardly a fair comparison.

"These great religious corporations," says the *Union*, "were well enough in the age which created and endowed them, but they have outlived their usefulness, and this age demands and will have an end of them." We know this is what infidels maintain of Christianity. They say this age is too practical to allow so much to go to superstitious rites; but viewing the action of the governments from purely a materialistic stand-point, and we can not see how the action can be indorsed by those who love order, and like to believe that there may be stability in governments—those who believe that all the actions of those in power should be in accordance with written authority delegated by the people.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

ON first thought, it appears not a little singular that the best abused men in all countries are those whose line of conduct seems to give least cause for enmity—the Catholic priests. Go wherever the Church has reared her cross, and there we shall find them engaged in the pursuit of their holy calling, working with the same earnest fervor and energy of purpose which is their distinguishing mark. Though looked up to and revered by the masses who have enrolled themselves under the standard which the holy men are proud to bear, yet they still maintain the simplicity of manner, purity of heart, and modesty of demeanor which their great Master taught them so long ago. While other men would have become arrogant and overbearing with the power which we can not deny the priests to possess, these, on the contrary, seem to be well aware of the grave responsibility of their charge, and ever pray for the humility of heart which will make them more worthy of the company of the Divine Son. With so little cause for offense as the priests offer, yet we find that their enemies in all lands attack them with an insane fury which is truly remarkable. Men may cheat one another, swindle, rob—nay, even shed their brother's blood—but at some time their offense is forgotten, and the *vendetta* abolished. Not so with the war upon the priesthood. Without committing any of the crimes we have named—in fact, without committing any offense at which their enemies can point, we find that the anger against them is never forgotten. It seems to descend from father to son, and the conflict is eternal. We shall not, in our indignation, cry out against a something which seems inevitable, for it has pleased the All-wise to so ordain; and we are taught to believe that persecution is always to the ultimate advantage of the Church. We will, however, attempt to show those who have thus

far ranked among the opponents of the priesthood, whose lips were ever ready to hiss out the word "priestcraft" whenever the works of the clergy have been mentioned, that their anger is at once unreasonable and unjust.

We believe that the great desire of all men is to attain happiness. No man expects to attain perfect happiness in this life, and there are but few who do not believe that it exists in the life to come. Every action, every thought of ours tends to that end. Men wear and tear their hearts out in the unholy struggle for riches, because they hope for the happiness which riches are said to bring. Men go mad with the efforts for popularity and power. They lay up treasures about them, they feast in riotous living, and though the world they have left behind them in the race may say and think they are happy, the hearts of these exalted few, if they could be seen, would tell a different story. Are these men public benefactors? Are they acting the part of good, God-fearing men? No. Are they not casting those beneath them, that they may mount the higher on their mighty domes? They are; but who but the few—so few and weak their voices can not be heard—ever think of that? There are always sycophants to fawn and fondle on these bloated rich men, and a greasy rabble which will applaud them whenever they come forth. Every act of their lives should be offensive to the right-thinking; they are arrogant, overbearing, grasping, and cruel, and yet they are honored, respected, and often termed the well-beloved. Now let us mark the difference, in the lives which these men live, and that of the much reviled priest. He is abused, because they say he is ambitious of power. All men seek power, that they may use it to their own happiness and aggrandizement. Is it so with the priest? He does attain power, for none will gainsay the moral influence which every good pastor possesses over his flock; but let us see to what end he puts it. He does not use it to accumulate riches, for he puts not his faith in the treasures of this life, and is content to lay them up in Heaven. He does not use it to oppress others, but is ever ready to lend a helping hand to the sick and unfortunate. He is not arrogant, but ever willing to turn a heedful ear to the sorrows of the most degraded sinner. But perhaps we may be told that these are but glittering generalities. If they be so, then let us descend to particulars, and we find the priest playing a still more important and noble part. If one thing more than another should entitle him to the respect and gratitude of the people, it is his especial care for the sick. A good heart, a charitable and sympathetic one, is one of the divinest attributes that God has implanted in man. This we shall find in the Catholic priest. It is not necessary for us to enumerate instances of the noble sacrifices of self which have been made by these good men in all times, and under all circumstances, to prove how well founded is their claim to the gratitude of mankind. We shall not mention the many deeds of heroic valor on the field of battle, in the hospital, amid fire and pestilence, which place them preëminent among the heroes of all time. *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, a more truthful and glorious motto than which was never chosen, expresses the sentiment which animates the hearts of these men who give up their lives to the cause of humanity. We have honestly set forth the distinguishing marks which are identified with the life of every good priest, and we now ask why such men should be reviled. Is it not unjust, is it not most unaccountable? We have yet to hear one well-defined charge against the priesthood which is backed up by sound argument. Thousands have been brought from the earliest ages of the Church, but substantiation was wanting in every instance. As it was in times past, so it will be in time to come—for we have the word of the LORD that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against His Church, of which the priests are its wardens.

PADDY DEFENDING HIMSELF, AND PRESENTING A NEW IDEA.

To the Editor of the Catholic Guardian:

I AM not in good humor, this morning, just angry enough to defend myself and knock down a friend, if there is no other enemy within arm's length. My real name is George. I got that title in compliment to a dull, thick-headed, good-natured Englishman, but I am Irish, body and soul.

I am heartily sick of learned nonsense, philosophers and other fools. Yes, I am sick of the universal vulgarity always ready to worship the "almighty dollar" or success of any kind.

England is a great and a mighty nation. Every flunkey who speaks and writes the English language for hire says, "the Englishman is great and noble, the Irishman is base and mean." Among these flunkies the editors and writers of *Harper's Monthly* and *Harper's Weekly* are the most impudent. It is impossible to find a number of those journals without an insult to the Irish race. "The Irish and the Niggers," it used to be, now it is "the Irish and the Chinese." It is scarcely business-like to insult thirteen millions. We ask no

favor from the traders, and we despise a commercial compliment.

The English and Scotch are supposed to be superior races. I shall place ourselves beside them, and let the public judge. England's population always exceeded the population of Ireland as three to one, therefore the supremacy England, maintained in Ireland for seven hundred years, is mere evidence of brute force well directed. If strength is to be accepted as evidence of superiority, the grizzly bear of California is superior to any Englishman. It is in the mind and spirit of a people we find evidence of any value.

The philosopher, when he writes on religious subjects, exhibits a good deal of learned nonsense, and generally proves himself a goose; but when he writes history, he exhibits himself as a collector of lies. History's purchased page is a witness not to be trusted. England is rich, therefore the majority of philosophers and historians say, "the Englishman is great and noble, the Irishman is base and mean." They also say, "the Reformation in England was a sure sign of England's superior intellect," its failure in Ireland a sure sign of benighted ignorance. Let us see.

Every one will admit that in the days of King Henry, Blue Beard the boy, the wife-slayer, cultivated intellect in England was very scarce—no grand synod, no high court of justice declared that a reformation was necessary. Henry the VIII wished to be, like an American savage, the master of many wives; the Pope wished to save him, and refused to sanction the wholesale system of matrimony. Harry turned Protestant. The nobles, wishing to please the King and rob the Church, followed his example, and the English people, who were as ignorant then as the peasants of Lancashire are to-day, followed the nobles, and the result was—the Reformation. The Scotch showed a little less spirit. The lairds used pitchforks as whips and drove them to kirk. If there was any evidence at all to show that reformation was required it was presented after the people had pronounced their verdict. What do we see to-day? The aristocracy of England, the best educated and most refined portion of the Protestant population, coming back again in crowds to the old Church! Ignorance enabled their ancestors to abandon the faith of their fathers; cultivated intellects enable them to act as judges, and we see the result. The Reformation can not be accepted as evidence of England's superior intellect. Its failure in Ireland may be attributed to the ignorance then prevailing in that island. I admit, the ignorance at that time in Ireland was very considerable, but never, at any time, so dense as ignorance in England. If our ignorance was great, our faith was greater, but the truth is, we were saved by one of the seven deadly sins! Just think of that! A deadly sin decorating ignorance with a crown of constancy, supporting faith and making the meanest Irishman a gallant Roman. Is not man an extraordinary animal? Our pride saved us; it fired our faith, and the result is the old Church stands, to-day, like a rock, supported by a race that multiplies in every land. I am not pious enough to find fault with the sin that saved us. We are the proudest people in Europe. We would not eat grapes for "you must," but we are always ready to do any thing that is not dishonorable, to oblige a stranger or any other man. The dull, thick-headed Englishmen set up their Church in Ireland, and, drawing their bayonets, they said to Paddy, "You must pray here." Every one knows the answer they got. They were never without bloody noses, until they discovered that force was a bad preacher. If they had known the haughty freemen they had to deal with they would have said, "Look at this fine church we made for ourselves. You shall not pray there; that old church is good enough for you." What would be the result? It was fortunate the thick-heads did not think of such a speech. If they had used it, it is quite possible the pride that saved us would have served their purpose.

I think I have said enough to show that the Reformation is not evidence of England's superiority. Where are we to look for the evidence? Among the statesmen, orators, captains and writers produced by both countries, there we occupy a proud position. We had only one great statesman to boast of—Edmund Burke. I put him against all theirs. As orators we can present Burke, Grattan, Curran, Sheridan and O'Connell, with a score of others not so famous. As great captains, men of the Irish race can be counted by hundreds. We saw Wellington ruling England, and McMahon is master of France. Remembering the difference in population, I should like to see how we are eclipsed by English ability. The truth is, in England's history there are only two names that tower high above all others Shakspeare and Victoria. I bow to these. Shakspeare was fifty men rolled into one; he borrowed the genius of five hundred other men and called it all his own. That illustrious lady, Victoria, our gracious Queen, the daughter of the Catholic Duchess of Kent, is an honor to the country; the history of her life is beautiful, and the history of her court is evidence in favor of Kings; it shows that virtue

and modesty may reside at court without a blush. I venerate our Holy Father Pope, and, I was going to add, "our Holy Mother, the Queen;" but it would not do to place the most illustrious pair on earth in that position, even on paper. But I am loyal enough to say, "God bless the Queen."

It appears that in any field the Irishman is the equal of the Englishman. "The low Irish;" "The Irish and the Chinese;" the ones who use these expressions would abuse their own mothers for a dollar. I have done with comparison, and I now proceed to business. I am no flatterer. We have many faults. We are thirteen millions in America, and we are not a power; we are the play-toys of politicians; destruction stares us in the face. In twenty years we may be nothing more than a wave in the vast ocean of population destined to inhabit this continent. Death in a ship at sea is dreadful, but to see the children of the glorious old land—its tradition, power, glory and honor, lost in the vast ocean of humanity, that is awful!

We want the genius of an O'Connell, a man skilled in the art of concentrating atoms and creating power. Guided by such a man, we would be the right arm of the great Republic, perpetuate the glories of our race, dictate to England, and make Ireland, our dear old mother, Empress of the last. We must immediately appear before the world as an united power. If we fail to unite we are lost. The ocean swells; we are on a lee shore. Let us seek an O'Connell. Suppose we had him, and were united. The first thing to be remembered is Ireland's connection with England. I am not one of those giddy heads, mad for war, who desire to sever the connection. I never attempt an impossibility. My eyes are wide open. The doom of little nations is sealed; the decree signed by modern science, modern ambition, and steam power. Germany has swallowed her little States. In a year or two, France, that great and gallant nation, will be quite recovered—stronger than ever she was; she will then swallow Belgium, and the end of Germany beyond the Rhine. Switzerland is the only little country that has a chance of existence. War on the ocean is a game "played out;" the fleets of France could do nothing to save her. There may be another great fight at sea, but that will be the last. Henceforth the ocean will be exclusively commercial. All the powers of Europe could not hold a State of the Union without the consent of the American people. Thanks to the growth of population, the increase of education, and the new rifle. England is preparing to get rid of British America. When the New Dominion is on its own hook, all cause for war between America and England shall have ceased. To make war in Europe is not the mission of America. These are facts that must be apparent to every school-boy who has studied the history of the last twenty years, and can see two inches before his nose; and they are facts the Irish people in America ought to remember. Ireland could not exist as an independent kingdom for three months. Without Ireland, England would perish in three years. The Roman Empire was insignificant compared with the Empire now ruled by the firm of John, Pat and Sandy—a right royal firm. I do not desire to dissolve the partnership, but I wish to see Paddy at the head of the house. A good memory is not always a sign of common sense. I wish I could forget the cruelties of England, but when Paddy is at the head of the house he will forget them. This is the age of iron. Victory follows rapidly; defect and shame belong to slow deliberation, and are never far removed from injustice. Let the Irish in America unite—act as one man gifted with common sense, and in twenty years Ireland will rule England, and Scotland, too, and MAINTAIN THE UNION!

"The low Irish"—"the Irish and the Chinese!" Just think of that! When England wants a first-rate man, she seeks and finds him in Ireland. Paddy Burke, a bog-trotter, better known as Lord Mayo, the Protestant cousin of "our own Father Tom," the great Dominican, was lately Governor-general of the Indian Empire. Lord Dufferin, "a far-down" Irishman, is Governor-general of the New Dominion. But there! I am wasting words defending ourselves against a pack of petty scribblers. Whatever others may say, I believe, in my soul, that it is an honor to be an Irishman. I am, etc.

G. A. K.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 1st, 1873.

P. S. With your permission, I shall present a rough draft of the plan of organization required to make the Irish in America "a live thunderbolt."

LETTER FROM GOLD HILL.

To the Editors of the Catholic Guardian:

A FEW notes from the country of sage-brush may not be uninteresting to the many admirers of the GUARDIAN, who, I am sure, will be pleased at any bit of information, conveying tidings of the growing strength of Catholicity, from whatever quarter it chances to come. Gold Hill and Virginia City present to-day as devoted and as generous a body of Catholics as can be found on the face of the earth, the proof of this is the magnificent church erected by Very Rev. Father Manogue,

and the great improvement made in Saint Patrick's Church, Gold Hill, by Rev. Wm. Clarke, one of the most zealous and hard-working priests on the coast.

The field for clerical labor in this State is very great indeed, and in some of the less prosperous camps, the clergymen have up-hill work to perform, for it would appear that when a mining town ceases its usual yield of rich metals, the religious fervor of the people also decreases in proportion. This appears to be the case with many of the small places in the State that were once prosperous. Does the above show that wealth has a controlling influence over religion? Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that such a change takes place. Much good is being done by all the good priests in this district, and they leave nothing undone that they may keep step in the march of progress now going on in the good old Mother Church throughout the land. For the last eight or ten months, Father Clarke has been laboring to get his church to look as it should, and now that it is completed, the people of Gold Hill have reason to be proud of it. The workmanship on the interior is really fine, particularly the altars, which are finished in the very highest style of art. Father Clarke is also awake on the question of education, and, like many other zealous pastors on this coast, finds much to condemn in the public school system, and in September last started a parish school with one hundred and thirty scholars, having, at much expense, fitted up two fine school-rooms capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty scholars, his opposition to the public schools being a complete success; nearly all the Catholic children, old enough, in the place, attending. The holidays being upon us, every one is busy making or receiving presents. Christmas passed over very quietly, as far as the people are concerned, but not so with the elements; they cut up some capers, and before they had finished, every one felt satisfied that Winter had really set in, for on Christmas morning the surrounding hills and mountains were covered with snow, and the flood-gates of Heaven were opened, and down poured the most welcome rain. The people had been suffering some time from the scarcity of water, and many of the quartz mills were stopped, owing to the drought. They have all been started up again, and life and animation is seen on every hand. An exhibition was given by the scholars of Saint Patrick's School, on the evening of the 27th, and though the weather was anything but pleasant, the hall (the largest in the place) was crowded by an appreciative audience. The exhibition consisted in declamations, dialogues and singing. The audience appeared astonished at the able manner in which many of the scholars rendered their parts. Miss Nellie O'Connell and Miss Celia Clisken were particularly noticed for their acting. The Misses Annie Burke, Katy Buckley, Mary Linis, Minnie McCabe, Julia Keaneley and Nellie Daley, also rendered their parts well, as did also Masters Wm. E. Hill, James Niles, F. Field and M. E. Buckley. In closing this brief letter I would say that the people of this section are delighted with the GUARDIAN, and consider it the best family paper on the coast, and I am satisfied that, by its wholesome religious tone, it is destined to work a great good among the Catholic community of Nevada.

GOLD HILL, December 28, 1872.

THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

ON last Sunday evening, the formal opening of the rooms of the Young Men's Catholic Association, S. E. corner of Lexington and Charles streets, took place in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. At the first meeting, about four months ago, some fifty persons enrolled their names, and at each successive meeting the lists rapidly augmented, until, at the present time, the society claims an active membership of nearly three hundred young men from all the English congregations of the city.—*Philadelphia Standard*.

FATHER WENINGER, S. J.—We learn from a private letter, which we had the honor of receiving from the aged, zealous and beloved missionary, Very Rev. F. X. Weninger, D. D., S. J., that he has concluded his labors in Minnesota and Wisconsin, where he has been uninterruptedly laboring for the salvation of souls, and has gone to his home, St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, Ohio, in order to rest from his labors and recruit his energies for a new campaign next Spring. We are sure that each and every one of our readers will join us in praying to Almighty God to preserve yet many years the life of this great Apostle of our Faith, whose labors among us have been crowned with so many glorious results.—*Portland Sentinel*.

ORDINATION OF REV. JAMES KENT STONE.—On Saturday last, the Rev. J. Kent Stone, late a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal denomination, President of Hobart (Episcopal) College in this State, whose conversion to Catholicity, some time ago, created quite a sensation in Protestant circles, was raised to the dignity of the Holy Priesthood, in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City. "Dr." Stone is the author of "The Invitation Heeded," a work written soon after his conversion, which has achieved a wide circulation. He will attach himself, it is understood, to the Congregation of the Paulist Fathers, under whose auspices he studied for the priesthood.—*Milwaukee Vindicator*.

CHIPPWA FALLS, WIS.—The last year has been one of many successes for us in this county. In this city we have replaced the old wooden structure, built by the Canadian voyagers sixteen years ago, by a fine stone structure—Roman cruciform. It reminds me of "St Michael" on the Rue de Namur, near the University, at Louvain, Belgium. The church was dedicated by our Bishop Heiss, on the 22d of August last. It seats about 1,200. The congregation is a mixture of all nations—Irish, Scotch, French Canadians, English, Germans, Italians, and Indians. We have a good school, supported by the city, with three lay teachers. We being over one-half the city population, have claimed our right to have our own school. I expect to have the School-Sisters of Notre Dame, in Milwaukee, who are working with astonishing success in many parishes of this North-west, by next fall.—*Cor. Freeman Journal*.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.—Sister Irene, in charge of the Foundling Hospital, No. 3 North Washington Place, New York City, makes an appeal for the poor little waifs of her care.

Their fathers and their mothers have abandoned them; the Lord hath taken them up. Most of them may die in infancy. But, by the aid of this great charity, they will have received baptism, and will have had the careful and tender nursing that Christian Charity demands for these poor little babes. They inherit the temporal miseries and sins of their parents. But baptism washes them white, and fits them to be companions of the Angels. Poor, sinful people, as we all are, ought not to make their guardian angels witness the neglect of their little bodies, during the weeks of their sojourn here below. It is, therefore, we add our voice to that of good Sister Irene, asking for them "a Christmas or a New Year's gift."—*Ibid.*

THE REV. FATHER HASKINS'S WILL.—The will of the late Father George F. Haskins, just admitted to probate, provides that all his paintings, except one, and all his engravings, be given to the House of the Angel Guardian, and after making special private bequests of money, to the extent of between two and three thousand dollars, and his library and papers, he bequeaths the residue of his property to the Right Rev. John J. Williams, for him "to have and hold the same as his absolute property, and to his heirs and assigns forever." Immediately following this declaration the will reads: "I request the said residue be applied by him according to his best discretion to the support of orphan and deserted boys, and I rely upon him and his heirs and assigns for the celebration of the monthly Masses promised to members and life members of the Society of the Angel Guardian, and for the repose of deceased members of the same." Mr. Patrick Donahoe is the executor of the will.—*Boston Pilot*.

SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

THE Philadelphia *Standard* notes the constant failure of Protestant missionaries to convert to their several creeds the heathen among whom they are laboring, and remarks:

The constant failure of Protestant missionaries to convert to their several religions the heathen among whom they are laboring is becoming so obvious that it is tacitly admitted by the Protestants themselves. Under the influence of those failures, they seem to have settled down into a general practical abandonment of efforts to christianize the peoples amid whom they labor, and to confine their efforts more and more to plans for the promotion of merely intellectual culture and material improvement.

Not long since, a Methodist missionary from Hindostan, on a visit to the United States, told the audience which had gathered to hear him recount the results of his mission, that it was unreasonable for them to expect statements of numbers of persons converted from heathenism to Christianity—intimating that little or nothing had been done in that way, or could be expected to be done; but that, nevertheless, he and his fellow missionaries were engaged in a glorious work—that they had established schools, and that, under the general progress of civilization in Hindostan, the natives were continuing in heathenism, it is true, but were fast progressing in a knowledge of arts and sciences, were building railroads and constructing telegraphs, and that to-day, intelligence of any event that transpired in London or New York could be instantaneously communicated to the people of Delhi or Benares, etc.

The same platitudes are repeated constantly respecting the Indians of the United States, in order to cover up the entire failure of Protestant missionaries to christianize them. We are informed frequently that the Indians are learning to plow and to raise wheat, to work in blacksmith shops, and to shoe their ponies, etc. Even the officials of our National Government are industriously engaged in spreading this important information among the people of the United States. We have, from time to time, received official documents from Washington, headed: "The Indians can be Christianized."

The statement was made with an emphasis corresponding to the importance of the supposed new discovery. To Catholics it is nothing new. They know that their religion is to christianize people of every tribe and clime—that they can do it, for Christ is continually present with them—and, as regards the Indians of America, that three hundred years ago the missionaries of the Church made converts to Christianity among them, and have ever since been engaged in the same blessed work. The history of Catholic missions to the aborigines of the frozen regions along the Arctic Sea, to those of Colorado and California, of Arizona and Mexico, and to the ferocious tribes that inhabited the islands of the Caribbean Sea and South America, recounts like successes in bringing barbarous and benighted Indians to the foot of the Cross, to those that attended, in ages long past, the efforts of St. Augustine among the barbarous inhabitants of England, of St. Aidan and St. Colman, from Ireland, among the fierce Northumbrians and northern Saxons, of St. Maildolphus, and St. Cuthbert, also Irish missionaries, whose labors were chiefly in England.

We have looked over the pamphlets and documents already referred to, and the glowing accounts in Protestant newspapers of their wonderful discovery of the possibility of converting Indians, to see what evidences were adduced in support of this, to Catholics, old truth, but new, it seems, to Protestants. We found them to consist in the fact that these Indians had a cornfield or two, that they tolerated the building of school-houses and of smith-shops, that they offered no objection to the erection of mills to save their squaws the trouble of grinding corn, etc. But we looked in vain for proofs that the Indians had become Christians. On the contrary, in the occasional references to the "talks" of the Protestant missionaries, we found reason for apprehending that these missionaries were rather confirming the Indians in their heathen notions than leading them to the exercise of faith in Christianity.

The references of the missionaries to "The Great Spirit," etc., constitute, in our opinion, a poor preparation for bringing benighted Indians to an apprehension of the mystery of the Incarnation.

We confess that an examination of all the Protestant and governmental testimonials sent to us lead to no confidence in any real good being accomplished by the efforts of Protestant

missionaries. We observe no diminution of eagerness on the part of the Indians to obtain patent rifles and revolvers. And we can conceive of the possibility of our Indian tribes adopting some of the improvements, and falling into some of the habits of civilized Americans, and yet becoming thereby only more expert, dangerous, and successful outlaws and marauders.

We can find in history no reason to believe that merely material and intellectual progress necessarily carry with them corresponding spiritual enlightenment. On the contrary, we see history frequently repeating the lesson that, when art and science become the handmaids of Christianity, and are pervaded by her spirit, they elevate and improve mankind; but, when they are divorced from Christianity, they do nothing for man spiritually, and often are the means of sinking him deeper into the mire of sensuality and wickedness. It was so with the ancient Persians and Egyptians, and the classic ages of eloquence and poetry and art in Greece and Rome were those of the greatest moral corruption; and we are not aware that any radical change has taken place since then, either in the laws which govern the relation of man's intellect and will to sin, and his redemption from its bondage.

In the phase, therefore, which Protestant missions have of late more obviously assumed, and the more open and avowed restriction of their action to the work of purely intellectual advancement and material improvement, there is a tacit confession of the inability of Protestantism to overcome any of the forms of heathenism with which it is brought into contact.

INSANITY in its various forms is ably discussed by the editor of *Freeman's Journal*. As the plea of insanity is now claiming so many who richly deserve the gallows, we quote from that portion of the article wherein he treats of this subject:

Now, let us glance at another presentation of this "insanity" business. It is that which "public opinion," as formed by the newspapers, is making so much ado about. It is that of *insanity as a plea for murder*. Some disreputable fellow gets very angry at another of his disreputable associates, and shoots or stabs him to death. The plea is put in of "emotional insanity!"

This plea had its origin in a *fiction*, framed to meet a *stupidity* in the laws we inherited from England. According to the *civil* law of Europe, a man finding any one in *flagrante delicto* with one specially dear to him was "supposed not to have possession of his senses;" and so, if without going to search for a weapon, but with whatever instrument happened to be at his hand, he slew the betrayer of his peace, the "Civil Law" held him harmless—considering him as, naturally, too mad-dened to be responsible for his actions. But according to *English* law, transcribed into the statutes of the American Union, the aggrieved man was not supposed to lose his self-possession for a minute. His remedy was to sit down and count up, in pounds, shillings, and pence, the price of the "comfort" he had been deprived of, by the poacher on his private domain; and to *sue him for damages!* Modern law-books tell us this was "Common Law as distinguished from the Civil." These books, and their authors, are utterly mistaken. The "Common Law," or "Laws of the Commons of the Peace," had their origin in the south of France, toward the close of the Tenth Century. Their glory was developed, in the Eleventh Century, all over France. But, in those "Laws of Commons," of which *Ives of Chartres* was the grand exponent, this principle of the civil law, in regard to the supposed "temporary madness" of an outraged man, was perfectly preserved. The "Common Law" was carried to England, by the French Normans, but it underwent a great modification. Henri de Braxton, Chief-Justice of England, in the Thirteenth Century, in the crabbed old abbreviated black-letter Latin in which, alone, this oldest known writer on English law has come down to us, shows, in his treatise on the "laws and customs," two things. One is, how powerful was the influence of the old "Customs of the Commons of the Peace." The other is, how far the English, in the Thirteenth Century, had floated away from the grand old Catholic "Commons of the Peace," as they existed in the times of Pope Eugene III, and St. Ives of Chartres.

THE Milwaukee *Vindicator* discusses the question of education in Ireland very ably. We wish we could, however, impress upon our contemporaries the fact that not *all* the English are the enemies of Ireland. The warmest sentiments of friendship we have anywhere seen expressed has been from English journals—especially the Catholic journals. We quote from the *Vindicator*:

It is true that the masses in Ireland are not as well educated as are the masses of some other countries which enjoy the blessing of home government. The landlord takes all his poor tenant can spare, and the Government agents takes all the rest that they can lay their hands on. One-third of the product of his labor goes to the landlord for the privilege of living in the miserable cabin that is scarcely sufficient to protect him from sun and rain, another third is demanded by the Government for its great magnanimity in permitting him to exist beneath its heel, leaving about one-third of his scanty earnings to support himself and the little ones, which, in his direst poverty and distress, he ever hailed as precious gifts from the Dispenser of all good. How shall he educate them? The Government says: "Here are my national schools, send them there, expose them to the proselytizing influence of my evangelical carpet-baggers, and I will educate them." But the Irishman says: "No. Ignorance is better than the knowledge of evil." He has not the means to pay for their education, and even if he had, he can not support them whilst they are acquiring an education. Gaunt Poverty stands waiting at the door, and it requires the exertion of every arm, great and small, to drive him away.

Our remarks are applicable only to the poorer classes. No one will deny that the wealthier class, in Ireland are the equals in intelligence and education, of any people living. It is, also, an undeniable fact that Ireland, with all her disadvantages, her poverty and misrule, and with the poor excluded from the recruiting-ground, has furnished more than her quota of the

scholars and statesmen of the age. Nor have her brightest ornaments been furnished by the imported aristocracy sent to govern her, but by the hardy peasantry who had been raised sufficiently above want to be able to give some attention to the intellectual culture of their children. Witness the names that stand brightest on the dark pages of Ireland's long era of woe—witness a name just added, one which shines with a luster inferior to none other—Father Tom Burke, the son of poor Galway peasants.

Who says the Irish are an ignorant race? The English, whose object it has ever been to belie us, and who have spared no pains to make us as they represent us. It is like a "thumping English lie," to the audacity of which the long struggle and dawning triumph of Christian education bears witness. No other nation has fought, and suffered, and bled, in the cause of education, as the Irish; none prize it more highly; none purchase it at such an immense cost.

What has Ireland done for education during the last year? Besides paying for the support of the national schools, from which not one in five of them derive any benefit, she has contributed \$800,000 for the foundation and maintenance of an Irish Catholic University; she has expended \$1,813,759 in the purchase of sites, and the erection of schools thereon; she has spent over \$602,000 in educating the 5,500 pupils contained in these institutions, besides the amount necessary for the support and tuition of about 300 boys at school in England and on the Continent.

These are a few hard facts, which should curb the smile of John Bull, when he wrinkles his cheeks, made plump by Irish beefsteak, legally stolen, to laugh at the "Ignorant Hierarchy."

"MODERN LIBERALISM" forms the subject of the leading article in the Cincinnati *Telegraph*. The editor shows up the proposed bill against the Church and concludes as follows:

The new Prussian law proposes to strip the Catholic Church of this right of excommunication. The Catholic Church is the judge of its own doctrines—it alone is competent to decide when the teachings of individuals differ from its own. It has a right to condemn these doctrines as un-Catholic. The new law, in its second and fourth sections especially, deprives the Church of this competency, and forbids it to exclude from membership those who refuse to accept its law of faith. According to Prussian legislation, a man may deny any number of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, may embrace every heretical error that has ever been invented, and if the State so wills, the Catholic Church must allow him to receive the sacraments, and treat him in all things as a Catholic. No minister of religion, so reads the law, is authorized to threaten a citizen with even legally admissible disciplinary or corrective measures, or to proclaim him subject to the same, if the said penalties are incurred in consequence of an action ordered by the laws of the State or the commands of the civil authorities within their province. No minister of religion, again, is allowed to make public any of the said disciplinary measures, if therein a citizen is designated by name. It is perfectly clear that obedience to such laws would lead to the annihilation of any church against which they may be directed. They throw open the door of every Catholic pulpit in Germany to men, who may contradict in their teaching, every article of faith which the Catholic Church holds. Men holding the office of Catholic priests, directing Catholic congregations, may set up any standard of faith, mock at all that is Catholic; still according to law, the Catholic Church can not protect itself by expelling such teachers from its fold. This is modern Liberalism.

FATHER BURKE.

HIS ANSWER TO "FROUDE'S LAST WORDS."

ON Wednesday evening, December 17th, the Brooklyn Academy of Music was again literally jammed to hear Father Burke's final argument in answer to Mr. Froude. The subject was "The Last Words of Froude." The lecture below will show how ably and heroically the Reverend Father closed the discussion and exposed the falsifications of Irish history and character. The lecture was given for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital in Dean Street, and must have realized a very large sum, as the Academy was filled to its utmost capacity, hundreds being compelled to depart without admission. We take our report from the *Philadelphia Standard*:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I need not tell you that this world in which we live is a very changeable world. We have seen so many changes ourselves in our own day, that we have learned to be astonished at nothing. We have seen but a few years—only four years—ago France, reputed the bravest and the most powerful nation in Europe; to-day France is down in the dust and there is not one that is poor enough to do glorious France honor. So, in like manner, a few years ago, when Lord Palmerston was at the head of the English ministry, England was considered one of the most influential and one of the most powerful nations in Europe; and to-day we see how things are changed. In our own time we remember, whenever England had any argument to state, any theory of a national kind to propound, any cause to defend, she sent her fleets and she sent her armies. Even as late as 1858 she had an argument with the Emperor of Russia, and she sent her fleets and armies to discuss the question at the point of the sword. Later still, a few months ago, I may say, and she had an argument with the Emperor, as he was called, of Abyssinia, and she sent her army there to try conclusions and to reason with him. To-day, my friends, she has an argument with Ireland, and instead of debating with Ireland by sending some Cromwell over there at the head of an army to argue with the Irish with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, she sends over to America a talking man to talk it over.

WHAT FROUDE'S MISSION IS LIKE.

She reminds me in this of a man who was once in Galway, who had a quarrel with a friend of his, and he went and he tried to

settle the quarrel fairly like a man, and he got a good thrashing. And when he got up after being knocked down several times, he said "I see I am not strong enough for you, but I'll tell you what I will do, my wife has the devil's own tongue, and I would like to let her at you." England has tried issues with my native land for many a long century; for seven hundred years on the national question, for three hundred years on the still more important religious question. On the religious question England is fairly beaten; and on the national question, although we have not yet triumphed, she has never been able to knock the nationality out of Ireland. So what does she do, my friends? The days are past and gone when she could send her Cromwell or her William of Orange to Ireland, and to-day she has nothing better to fall back upon than to send an Englishman over to America to abuse us. To try and make out that we are the most ungovernable and the most God-abandoned race on the face of the earth. So he comes and he delivers his message. When first he came, he told the people of America, if you remember—you all remember it as well as I do—that he intended, as far as he could, to justify England's treatment of Ireland; and, consequently, that this was his intention is clearly manifested by the simple fact that he has gone into the history of the whole relation between England and Ireland. He has gone through them all; he began with the Norman invasion and he came down to the present year, for the sole and avowed purpose of whitewashing England as far as he could, and to make out that she was not so bad as people were inclined to believe she was. And when he was met on this great issue, my friends, Mr. Froude turns around and says: "You are slightly mistaken; I don't want a verdict from the American people to justify England; to put England in the confessional and make her kneel down and get a plenary absolution for all that England did to Ireland. That is not my intention at all. My intention is, and the verdict I seek is simply this: There is a movement going on in Ireland, now, called the

HOME RULE AGITATION.

"Irishmen," he says, "are beginning at home to say that they have the right to make their own laws and to be governed by their own laws. They say it is not right, nor fair, nor just that the things that could be so well done at home should be so badly done in London, by men who know very little about Ireland, and who care less. Now," he says, "I come to America simply to obtain the verdict of an American public opinion to this effect: that the Irish don't know how to govern themselves; that whatever other virtues or talents they may have, they have not the talent nor the virtue of self-government; they are not wise enough, they are not prudent enough, they are not temperate enough, they are not sufficiently civilized nor sufficiently tolerant to govern themselves, and I will prove it from their history, and I will ask the American people to send over word to the Irish, 'Now, boys, have sense.' " "You don't know what is for your own good; you never did, and Mr. Froude has brought it home to us. You may have a great many virtues, and he acknowledges that you have some, but you have no sense at all. We have sense, and the English people have twice as much, and always had, as you have. They know how to govern you beautifully—sweetly. Leave yourselves entirely in their hands, and they will make the finest laws for your own special benefit. They love you like the apple of their eye. They are anxious to see Ireland prosperous, wealthy, rich and powerful; they are very anxious to give you all they have themselves, and a great deal more. Mr. Froude says so. And all you have to do is to keep yourselves quiet, leave the Parliament where it is, and leave the Parliament over there. Let the English members and the Scotch members—who have a sweeping majority—let them make laws for you, and these will be salutary and beautiful laws for Ireland. You don't know anything about your own interests and principles of government. You don't understand your own country." And he expects America, like an old woman, to send over this advice to Ireland.

It is not with Mr. Froude's facts in detail so much that I have to deal as with the spirit of the man. In his reply to my lectures he distinctly states that he does not seek justification for England's past conduct, but that he is here in America to rouse public American opinion against the principles, so dear to Irishmen, that they have, and that God has given them the intelligence and capability to make their own laws and to be governed by them. He has traced England's dealings with Ireland, and he has traced them in a masterly manner. I wish to God I could do it half so well. But, my friends, throughout, the leading idea of this historian, clearly manifested and avowed by him, is to bring home to every thinking man in this land the conviction that we Irish did not know how to govern ourselves. He says, "They have had the country in their own hands for centuries, and how did they govern it? The chieftains were harrowing the very life out of the people. Ireland was divided into little factions, and, indeed," he went on to say, in a manner that does not reflect credit upon the man, "every family in the land had its own independence and governed itself. Ireland was divided into small factions, each faction had its own chieftain, and every chief was engaged, from Monday morning till Saturday night, and including Sunday, in cutting somebody else's throat and getting his people to help him. According to Mr. Froude, it was a miracle from God that there were a hundred people left in Ireland at the time when there were three, four, or five millions. What would you say, my friends, if I went back to Ireland or England after my year's residence in New York, and if I said in a public lecture: 'Do you know what life is in New York or Brooklyn? Every family is independent, and every father of a family, with his sons, are engaged every day in cutting their neighbor's throats, and I will give you proof of it from their own newspapers.' They tell us that at this moment there are eighteen or twenty men in jail in New York for murder; how, in the saloons and drinking-places, they stab one another and shoot one another; they tell us how men are knocked down in the streets; how a gentleman from Kentucky walked out of the hotel, and sight nor light of him was never seen again; how the people were barbarians and savages, 'worse than the red Indians.' Now, I ask you, if I went back to Dublin or London and said these words, how would you feel about it? Would you say I was telling the truth? Or would you not say, 'Oh! Lord, I didn't think Father Tom Burke was

such an infernal liar?' I assert that there is not a people living more capable of self-government and of making their own laws and living under them, than the Irish people, to which I belong. And I will prove it from Mr. Froude himself. I will not go outside of him.

THE QUALIFICATIONS FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Froude admits, as every thinking man must, that the great elements of self-government amongst a people are, first of all, respect for justice and for law; secondly, fidelity to principle; thirdly, affection for their own laws and love of the law, and fourthly, a capability of being formed by those who govern them and direct them. These are the four great attributes that belong to a people, and that entitle them, if they have them, to the right of self-government. I grant you that if a race, or a people, had no respect for the law, despised the law and were anxious to violate it, precisely because it was the law, that people don't deserve the power of making their own laws, and it would be a mercy from God if somebody would make laws for them. But are the Irish that people? Listen, my friends: Mr. Froude, in the course of his lectures, has quoted frequently a great authority in Irish history, viz: Sir John Davis, who was Attorney-general in the reign of James the First. This man was an Englishman, or, I believe Welshman, that came over from England for the express purpose of plundering and stealing from the Irish people, and he accordingly accumulated vast wealth, and had great estates in Ireland. Yet this man writes these words: "There is no people under heaven that likes equal and fair justice like the Irish." "There is no people," he adds, "who are more willing to submit to fair, impartial justice, though it go against themselves, than the Irish." Elsewhere he writes: "When things are peaceful and no war is going on, the Irish are far more fearful of offending against the law than the English." If I quoted some Donough O'Brien or some Terence O'Neill, or if I quoted the Four Masters, Mr. Froude would turn round on me and say, "Ah, ah! But you hear the friar quoting the old Franciscans, and the old Irish monks. Oh," he would say, "Gonosha dheeling," if he knew Irish, but he hasn't the grace to know it.

But I have been reviewing the lectures in which I answered Mr. Froude; and, although a New York newspaper has charged me with quoting Catholic authority, I protest to you, my friends—I can say with truth, from the first word of these lectures to the last, every single authority quoted by me was a Protestant, and an Englishman. And does not the history of Ireland bear out the truth of what Sir John Davis says?

TWO RACES IN IRELAND.

There were two parties in Ireland for seven hundred years, my friends. There were the old, native Irish, the Macs and O's; the O'Connors, the O'Briens, the McMurrays, the O'Neills, and the O'Donnells. These were the genuine Irish. It was to these men that God Almighty had given Ireland; and the soil was theirs, for they held it by the right by which every people holds its own land, viz.: the right of a gift from God. Then came the Normans, the Fitzgeralds, the De Courcays, the Butlers, the Burkes; and when they entered Ireland, they became, in a hundred years, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." That is the old phrase Mr. Froude quotes, and says: "Perhaps Father Burke never heard of that phrase"—that phrase we all heard of as soon as we were weaned. But I remark, in all Mr. Froude's reply to me, that he takes it for granted—I suppose because I am an Irishman—that I know nothing about my native land—perhaps Father Burke doesn't know this, and perhaps Father Burke doesn't know that—but I will tell him what I know. So he asks, "Perhaps Father Burke doesn't know that the Normans were more Irish than the Irish themselves." They were. But of all the traits of the Irish character that they took up, the most prominent amongst them, that in which they became more Irish than the Irish themselves, was their love of fighting and devilment in general. They became the most unruly lot in the land, and we have the proof of it in this: that we have the Earl of Surrey writing home to Harry the Eighth, who had sent him to Ireland, telling him about the Irish chieftains—the Macs and the O's—that "they are wise men, your Majesty, and good and quiet men, greatly better than the English."

If the first element and the first attribute of a people to entitle them to self-government be a respect for judgment and for law, I hold, upon the evidence of English authorities, that no man can deny to the Irish nation the right given by God to every people to govern themselves according to their own laws. And there is another trait in the character of the Irish people, that Mr. Froude brings out, both in his lectures and in former essays, and it is well worthy of remark. He says:

CAPABILITY OF THE IRISH FOR GOOD GOVERNMENT.

"They are a people that are singularly adapted to good Government." And do you know the instance he gives? He says, in one of his essays, "Take a wild, rugged peasant boy, ready to fling up his *caubeen* into the air, and hurrah for Smith O'Brien, and hurrah for every Fenian, and hurrah for every Irish patriot. Catch that boy—"catch" him, as if he were talking of some young beast or savage—"Catch him, drill him, and teach him, and in a few years, you will have one of the finest policemen of any people on the face of the earth." And this he gives as a good instance that the Irish people—as he asserts—are capable of a perfect discipline under good and perfect government.

Now, I take him on that point, and say, if, according to you, my learned friend, a year or two of discipline and of justice and of good government, will make such a perfect subject out of an Irishman, tell us, if you please, Mr. Froude, how is it that for seven hundred years you have not been able to make good subjects out of them? The reason is, that, for seven hundred years, Ireland has never known, for twenty-four consecutive hours, what good government or sensible government meant. The Scripture says that one of the greatest curses that can fall upon a people is to give them a child for their king—that is to say, a child without reason—without wisdom. And the curse of Ireland has been that she has been governed for seven hundred years—not by one child, nor by one booby—but by a nation of boobies, that never knew how to govern. Any other people, under the same government, would have

been driven mad. The Irish have only been made national—every man of them—to the heart's core.

ENGLISH INFIDELITY TO PRINCIPLE.

The third great element that asserts people's right to govern themselves is their fidelity to principle. A man without principle can not govern himself, and a nation without principle, loses the great right to self-government by the judgment of God. What do I mean by principle? I mean certain ideas of right and wrong; fixing themselves in the mind, and in the heart, and in the conscience of the people, and taking such hold of that mind, heart and conscience that no power on earth or in hell can tear those principles out of the national mind. Show me a single principle in the history of the English people to which they have clung with this fervor. There is not one, except, indeed, if you will, the principle, of extending their empire, by robbing and by the confiscation of their neighbor's goods. Was the principle of religion so fixed in their minds? No! for, at the bidding of Harry the Eighth, they changed their religion. Was the principle of devotion to the throne so fixed in their minds? No! for, at the wave of Cromwell's sword, all England bowed before him, and the Englishmen cheered him in the day when he cut off the head of England's king. What principle is there revealed in the philosophy of their history, for which that people were prepared to suffer, much less to die? Now, the whole history of the Irish race, from the day their history commences down to this hour, is the assertion of an eternal principle, no matter at what sacrifice or at what cost. The first and the strongest principle that can govern the heart, and the mind, and the conscience of any man, and consequently of any people, is their fidelity to what they know to be the truth, and their duty to God. Unless you admit this religious principle in the mind and in the conscience of the man with whom you have to deal, the less you have to say to him, the less you trust him, the better. Tell me, my friend, is there a man amongst you who would place say, ten thousand dollars on trust, depending on the honor of a man who told you he had no religious principle whatever; that he had no rules governing his conscience; that he did not care that [snapping his fingers] for religion? You would take good care to keep your money out of his hands.

HOW CATHOLICITY ACTS UPON A PEOPLE.

Ireland, for fifteen hundred years, has held the Catholic faith amongst the nations. The Catholic faith has three effects operating upon the man, and consequently upon the people who profess it. First of all, it acts upon the intellect as a conviction of the strongest kind, the intellect assenting to its truths. Secondly, it acts upon the heart, purifying the affections and strengthening all the emotions of the spirit in man. Thirdly, it acts upon the conscience in the form of the strict, immutable, unchanging law, to which every man who professes it—be he great or small, gentle or simple—must bow down and conform himself alike. I assert that the Catholic religion alone possesses this triple influence over the intelligence, heart and conscience of man, and I will prove it in three words, although it does not enter into the subject of my lecture. First of all, it acts upon the intellect of man. Amongst all religions, the Catholic religion alone tells a man what to believe, and tells him that with so much certainty that he is not at liberty to change it. The best Protestant in the nation can become a Methodist, or a Quaker, or a Mormon, or any thing. On one Sunday, if he likes, he can go to hear Mr. So-and-so, and the next Sunday he will go to hear somebody else. On one day he will hear the Rev. Mr. So-and-so say that black is white, and the next Sunday the Rev. Mr. So-and-so will tell him that white is black. He has no fixed principle of belief; he has no real, unchanged intellectual faith at all; his mind is like the general highway where every traveler can pass along. The Catholic religion alone influences the heart, and I assert this for her on the simple ground that she alone takes hold of the heart of a man and fixes it forever in one form of affection or love; if she calls that man to the Priesthood, she consecrates him forever to the love of the Church, the altar, and the souls of his brethren. Not a single thought, nor affection, nor emotion of any other love must ever disturb it. In this also she acts upon the heart, that she seals with her sacramental blessing the matrimonial bonds, and they are fixed for ever—that man and that woman. Heaven and earth may move, but their engagement may never be broken; their vow may never be violated; and when the Catholic Church binds the husband to the wife, and the wife to the husband in immutable and mutual fidelity and love, the oath is as unchangeable as the oath which binds Jesus Christ to His Church. Finally, she alone lays hold of the conscience of a man, shakes him, brings him face to face with himself, teaches him to look at himself with fearless eyes, teaches him, in her sacraments and in her confession, to bring up all that was basest, vilest, meanest, most shameful of his sins, lay them out under his own eyes, and confess them with his lips.

IRELAND'S FIDELITY.

And I say that the first principle of fidelity in a nation is the fidelity to the principle of its religion. For fifteen hundred years, Ireland steadily, heroically, conscientiously held that Catholic faith. For three hundred years the Danes endeavored to change its faith into paganism—for the Danish war was a religious war. Ireland fought—fought with heroic strength—fought with unflinching arm—fought with undying, though bleeding heart, and for three hundred years she struggled, until at length she cast the Dane to the earth, and the Christ put His feet on the neck of the pagan faith of the Scandinavians. Another cycle of three hundred years came, and it was no longer the Dane, but it was the Saxon that held his sword at the throat of Ireland, and said, even as the Dane of old said to her: "Oh, Erin! paganism or death;" so he said to her: "Protestantism or death," and Ireland answered, as she had answered the Dane: "I will fight; I will suffer; I will die. All this I know how to do, and well; but my faith I will never change from God, from His Christ, and from His holy Church." And just as, after three hundred years of war, on that Good Friday morning, the sun rising in the heavens beheld an Irish king and his Irish army stand in triumph, pealing forth their songs of victory over the stricken and the conquered Danes, so after three

hundred years of the second cycle, the sun arose on that fair May morning in '29, and beamed upon the face of the great O'Connell and the Irish nation waving over the ruined battlements of the tyrant and of the old blood-stained Protestant Church of Ireland the glorious banner of religious equality and freedom which was to be ours forever.

Does Mr. Froude tell me, or tell America, that a people that have stood in the gap for six hundred years, faithful to the first principle—the religious principle, the principle that includes every other form of virtue and principle, and which, if a man is faithful to it, will make him honest, upright, faithful in his commercial, domestic, civil and national relations—does this man mean to tell me that a people that have never shown that fidelity of principle, either to faith, country, or king, are fitted by the Almighty God to govern and to make laws for such a people as the Irish? It is worthy of remark, my dear friends, that even their loyalty to the King they carried, as Catholics, into their relations of life. Where was there a people so loyal even to the kings who were unjust to them? I scarcely mention it to their praise; I scarcely look upon it as praiseworthy, but I must say it. Whenever England revolted against her king, Ireland stood by and said, "I will not change; if he was my king yesterday, he's my king to-day, and I will be faithful." Charles I was King in Ireland; England rebelled against him, Parliament rose against him, the Scotch rebelled against him, but Ireland came out like one man and said, "This man has done nothing to forfeit my allegiance; I will not give up my loyalty." James II fled from England, and the English people said, "Well, let him go" (dear knows they were right) but poor, foolish Ireland, strong in the principle of loyalty, strong on principle, said, "I will fight for him; he's my king. If he was my king yesterday, and I was obliged to obey him, why shall I not obey him to-day?" So they took him, fought for him, bled for him profusely. I mention this only to show you that Mr. Froude's argument against Ireland's self-government is based on the Irish want of principle, and I gather up his assertions from out the history of England, and fling them into his face, and tell him to go home with them.

The Irish people have shown the four great attributes which entitle a people to self-government, viz.: they not only have love of justice and obedience to law, but they love the law that they hold, provided it be a just and natural law; they let it sink into their lives; they are willing to conform all their actions to it, and their love for good law is only second to the love which they bear to their religion. And this I will prove. For four hundred years England strove with might and main to change the laws of Ireland, and she failed.

THE BREHON LAWS.

From the year that Strongbow landed—in 1169—until that year in the sixteenth century when Henry the Eighth was proclaimed King of Ireland, after many hundred years the Irish people, in spite of all the efforts of England, were governed by their old Brehon laws, and lived under them and obeyed them, and I tell you they were right. I tell you, my friends, that there is one portion of Irish history which is not sufficiently known, nor sufficiently considered by the people, either in Ireland or in America, nor by historians like my friend, Mr. Froude.

We are all accustomed to speak to-day of the Constitution of America as full of the most admirable principles, and the most glorious on the face of the earth. And why? Because that Constitution gives the most liberty of any other; the most liberty to every citizen of the State, no matter how humble he may be, because that Constitution will not recognize the right of any one man in the State to injure or tyrannize over another; because that Constitution admits State governments on terms of equality, every State having its own laws, having its own government, having its own executive, having its own forces. That Constitution has known how to reconcile individual liberty and state liberty with a strong central government—which is represented in the President of the United States, who is elected for four years.

If we look back among the nations of the earth, we do not find State governments in any of the old nations of Europe, nor any of the modern nations. At this very day we find England, having robbed Ireland of her State government, having robbed Scotland of her State government; we find Bismarck plotting to rob the German States of their State governments and to concentrate all the power in the hands of three or four men, that they may have absolute power over the lives almost, and certainly over the persons, of their fellow-citizens. We find nothing like American constitutional liberty elsewhere; we find nothing like the American Constitution in the grand principle that the wisdom of the whole nation is appealed to, and every man is asked his opinion as to who is the best citizen in the land, who is the wisest, bravest, most virtuous man? Tell us who he is and we will put him in the Presidential chair and make him for the time being the supreme magistrate and ruler of the land. If you go back amongst the ancient nations you will find nothing like this until you come upon the ancient Celtic constitution of Ireland.

THE MODEL OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

There, my friends, will you find the very model and type of that government which Washington, Jefferson, and the other heroes of your Revolutionary war established for the happiness of this land. They found the model of the American constitution in the ancient Celtic constitution of Ireland. The land was divided into five great portions, and each portion was recognized as an independent State. Munster, Connaught, Ulster, Leinster and Meath, perfectly independent, one from the other. They were governed by great chieftains, who were elected by every man in the land. Every man had a voice and vote. The tribe elected their chief; the tribe elected the man who was to succeed the chieftain, and these five great nations or tribes enjoyed, on the Democratic principle, their State rights and State independence. There was no concentration. The King of Ulster, the Prince of Connaught, the King of Munster, made laws and ruled their own States, after having elected their Supreme King, and were as free and independent in their State rights as if they never had elected a king to govern them all. No matter what the faults of that old Irish constitution were, and they

were many, I claim for it, in this century, and in this hour, that the American constitution is nothing more nor less than a faithful copy of the old Irish laws under which our fathers lived in peace and happiness, until, as in a moment of anger, the God of heaven sent down fire upon the States of old, so the Saxon was let down upon the Irishman.

EVILS OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

If time permitted, I could contrast the freedom, the equality, the good Republican liberty of the Irish constitution, with the grinding, absolute tyranny of that feudal system under which England was governed, and which they endeavored to establish in Ireland. The King was the absolute lord and master of every inch of the land. Every man who held land held it by virtue of the King, and on the condition of doing whatever the King commanded him to do. In other words, he held it upon the condition of slavery. Then the tenants were the mere serfs or slaves of the owners of the land. If he injured them in person or property, there was no redress. Their domestic affairs were left under his control. If the son or daughter of a family died, he could seize upon their property and squander it, and no one could call him to account. The King of England could, as he often did, beggar the first families in the land, and no one could call him to account; because, by the feudal law, the King was not accountable for what he did. God bless and save us!

Well, my friends, there was a great laugh the other night at the Association Ball, I believe. I don't know, I was thinking it was the *Consolation* Ball. There was a great laugh raised by the English historian at the expense of the poor Irish friar. The historian says that, whatever else Father Burke is, he is a wonderful man at totting up numbers. And he was kind enough to make of me what I never made myself. I said, not upon my own authority, but I expressly said that I heard men say that there were probably fourteen millions of human beings of Irish descent and Irish blood in this land of America. Making up the account of the millions that went from Ireland, I asserted that perhaps there were eight millions of people who came to this country. Mr. Froude totted the eight up to fourteen, and then made it twenty-two. That had not entered my head, but he was kind enough to lend me his brains. Then Mr. Froude came out with his account, and, according to him, of all the millions in America, there are only four millions altogether with a drop of Irish blood in their veins. Well, perhaps I overshot the mark a little, but I protest to you I do not think I did. I think that if all the men, women and children of Irish descent were put together, men would be greatly surprised to see how many millions they would foot up.

THE CELTIC RACE IN AMERICA.

Friends, there were in Ireland nine and a quarter millions in 1846; there is not half that number in Ireland to-day, and thus has it been for some years. It is acknowledged that one and a half or two millions may have been swept away by the visitation of God—the terrible famine or pestilence that ensued—but still you have to account for three or four millions that must have emigrated—gone somewhere—where are they now? Since the year 1847, every year hundreds of thousands have been sent out to America. They must be found somewhere. These Irishmen have families, like other people, and, generally speaking, good long families, too. It was only the other day I got a letter from an old school-fellow, playmate of mine, who came to this country some years ago. In his letter he said: "Dear Father Tom—glad to hear you are well. I married since I came to America, and there are eight of them on the floor." It has been almost proved by statistics, published in an Irish journal in New York this very week, that there must be at least some twelve millions of Irish descent in America, and I hold that twelve millions is not so far from fourteen as four millions from twelve. If I made a mistake, I overshot the mark by two millions; then Mr. Froude undershot it by eight millions, and I thank God there are eight millions more of Irish people, and of Irish people in this land than Mr. Froude thought, and it is a very important fact for the learned gentleman. Perhaps, if he knew that the four millions were something like fourteen millions, he would be more careful, and take some thought before he came to America to blackguard them.

The next great point he makes against me is, that I said when the Irish rose in rebellion, as he calls it, in 1641, I denied that they massacred thirty-eight thousand Protestants. My friends, you know there are two ways of looking at every thing, and there are two names, of course, for every thing, even a man. A man's friends call him a kind-hearted fellow; his enemies say he is a dirty blackguard.

THE RISING OF 1641.

There was a rising in Ireland in 1641. Mr. Froude calls it a rebellion; but the circumstances of the rising were these: The Parliament of England rebelled against the King; the Scots rebelled against the King, though he was one of their own countrymen, and there was Scottish blood in his veins; and the Irish people rose in the name of the King, and demanded of him as the reward, literally and truly—I can call it nothing else—leave to live in their own land, and exercise their own religion; and the King promised he would give it, and the promise was called the "graces of the King." A certain Irish nobleman, Sir Phelim O'Neill, headed that rising, and he produced a document purporting to be signed and sealed by the King of England, and he told them that he had authority from the King to call upon them to rise. That document was forged, like many another document. It was as great a forgery as the bull of Pope Adrian, pretending to give Ireland to England; as confounded a forgery as was ever committed. Sir Phelim O'Neill, when dying, acknowledged that the document was a forgery. But the Irish people believed him when he said it was a genuine document, and they rose in the name of the King—and Froude calls it a rebellion, because it was a forged document. Suppose some one brings a check to you, and says, "Will you cash that for me? it is all right." You think it is all right, and you cash it; but, on presenting it at the bank, the banker takes you by the throat, and calls you a thundering robber, declaring that the check is a forgery. You say, "I am very sorry; I am the sufferer; I have lost my money; don't call me a forger."

THE "30,000" LIE NAILED.

Yet, Mr. Froude calls it a rebellion, because the document was forged, and he quotes, as his authority, that thirty-eight thousand Protestants were slaughtered—Sir John Temple. Now, Mr. Froude knew very well, when quoting that authority, that there was another English authority who says there were two hundred thousand Protestants killed, and that was Sir William Petty. Mr. Froude quotes Sir William Petty in several cases, but he does not quote him for the two hundred thousand, but pares it down to thirty-eight thousand. Do you know the reason why? Because it happened that he overshot the mark, and made out that there were more Protestants killed than there were in Ireland at the time. So Mr. Froude said, "I will not quote him, but I will quote the other liar who said there were thirty-eight thousand." Is it not strange that, at that time, a Presbyterian minister went through Ireland for the express purpose of finding how many there were killed, and he declares that there were only forty-one hundred at the very outside, and he does not believe there were so many as that; and yet this man comes to America and repeats, most emphatically, this lie, which was exploded years and years ago, and all to make the American people believe that the Irish can not govern themselves. But, on the other hand, we have an account of another massacre, in which three thousand Catholics were killed by the garrison at Carrickfergus. Mr. Froude says Father Burke knows how to tot up very well. There were only thirty people killed, and he makes out three thousand. Well, my friends, according to a Protestant authority, it was thirty families, and there is a great deal of difference between thirty persons and thirty Irish families. Within ten years after this event took place, there was published, in England, an account that asserted there were three thousand men, women and children killed at that massacre, and the man who published it defied any one to controvert the statement, and no man ever gainsayed it. Mr. Froude attaches great importance to this business of the massacre of 1641, and says, let a commission be sent over to Dublin to search the State papers, and let the Lord Chancellor be on it, and this and that lord be on it, and they will find I am right, and Father Burke is wrong.

WHAT "STATE PAPERS" ARE.

I answer, I will not go rummaging among State papers, for a majority or them are infernal lies, written by courtiers and interested men who are plundering the Irish people, and are always anxious to print some excuse to justify their plundering them. Thus they are now accusing our fathers of crimes in order to justify their own acts. I will not go to these, but take the particular statement that was published at the very time, and was not denied even by the very men who had a hand in the massacre. He reiterates, and I am sorry to say it, the charge of cowardice against the Irish. In answering my lectures, he said: "I never doubted Irish courage; I never denied it. But last night, in Philadelphia, he repeated his statement that the Irish did not know how to fight. And it is a strange thing, for, in another part of his lecture, he acknowledges that all the evils of Ireland arose out of the irrepressible love the people had for fighting, and then he comes and says they do not know how to fight. And he asserts, again, that the Irish troops did not behave well at the Battle of the Boyne. What have I to say, my God, except to appeal to history, not Catholic or Irish, but English Protestant history. The Duke of Berwick, an Englishman, who commanded at the Battle of the Boyne, says that King James brought all the French troops around him to guard his person, and left the brunt of the battle to fall upon the Irish regiments. King James, on that day, with the French, Irish and all, was only able to put 23,000 men in the field, whereas, William of Orange had 50,000 men and fifty pieces of artillery. King James had only twelve pieces of artillery, and sent six away the night before, so he had only six on the field.

THE COURAGE OF THE IRISH.

The Williamites crossed the Boyne, and the Duke of Berwick tells us the Irish infantry and cavalry charged that entire army ten times before they retreated from the field. And it was only when they found that it was not in the power of human beings for so small an army to make an impression upon and route 50,000 warriors, only then they retired. In the second siege of Athlone, Major Fitzgerald commanded 400 men, and there was an army of 8,000 against him, and he held out until, out of that 400, only two were left. If Mr. Froude calls this cowardice, I don't know what he understands by courage. I think it would be true enough for the learned gentleman to accuse the men of Ireland of cowardice when he finds he can accuse the women of Ireland of being cowards. When William of Orange laid siege to Limerick, the first siege he battered down the walls until he made breaches twelve feet wide, and then picked out 12,000 of his best soldiers and sent them to enter the city, and when they came to climb the ruined ramparts, they found the 200 women, the pure women, the holy maidens, the true mothers of Limerick, standing side by side, and shoulder to shoulder with their brothers, husbands, fathers, and the women beat back the 12,000 Englishmen. And when they withdrew, they left 2,000 of their dead before the walls of the grand old city. Moreover, the learned gentleman—I declare I am beginning to doubt whether he is a learned gentleman—he says that when James confiscated six counties of Ulster, it was all a piece of good nature on the part of James.

THE ULSTER PLANTATION.

James confiscated 2,500,000 acres of land, but he gave back 2,000,000 acres and kept 500,000 for the Scotchmen and the Englishmen that he brought over. How would you, like, my friends, to have the Marshall come and order you out of your houses and stores, and compel you to leave, with soldiers, and keep you in the streets two or three days, and then come and say, "Oh! you are a good fellow, you may go back again." How would you like it? But, according to Mr. Froude, as the Irish people, after being robbed of 2,500,000 got back 2,000,000, they ought to be happy and contented.

Again, how did they get back this 2,000,000? According to Mr. Froude, by taking the oath of allegiance. Now, the oath of allegiance is to swear to be good and peaceful citizens, but

there was another oath they were required to take—the oath of supremacy—by which they abjured the Catholic Religion, and no man could go back until he had declared his disbelief in the religion of his fathers, and practically became an infidel or a Protestant. Mr. Froude does not mention that, but Cox, the historian who wrote the history of those times, does. And then, when he had swallowed the pill of Protestantism, and perjured his soul, in what capacity was he let back? The English settlers found the land was too much for them. They found they could not work it, so they said to the King, "What is the use of giving us all the land, unless you allow us to employ the Irish people to work it," and then he gave them leave to let the Irish people work it, living in mud cabins, as tenants, provided they would swear away their religion. Yet Mr. Froude says James was so good, so kind, so benign, and only asked them to take the oath of allegiance.

WHAT MR. FROUDE ASKS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

There are two ways of telling a story, and I begin to think there are two ways of writing history. Mr. Froude says to the American people: "Please give me your verdict. Say once for all to Irishmen in America, stop this nonsense about independence for Ireland, be quiet and peaceful; let England make the laws for Ireland, because the people do not know how to make them, and made bad laws in 1782, when England granted complete and total independence to the Irish Parliament." That is true, but how did she grant it? When the volunteers drew up their cannon, and had them loaded and their torches lit, and around the mouth of each cannon a little label, on which these words were written, "Freedom for the Irish Parliament or else—" England gave Ireland her independence in 1782 in the same way that you would give up your purse to a man who took out a loaded revolver and said, "Give me that purse, or take the contents of this." But Mr. Froude says that only sixteen years after the Irish people were allowed to make their own laws they rushed into conspiracy, and from conspiracy into rebellion. I answer, Mr. Froude is wrong when he says that it was the independence of 1782 that caused the rebellion of 1798. I answer, secondly, that the independence of 1782 did not represent the Irish people in their Irish Parliament. There were three hundred members of the House of Commons, and of these three hundred only seventy-two were elected by the people; all the rest were nominated by the landlords and aristocracy, who picked up any man who would vote according to their wish and desire. There were at that time three millions of Catholics in Ireland, and five or six million Protestants. On the one side you have half a million of comparative strangers, men who came into Ulster under James I, and Cromwellians, who were settled in Munster, planted by Cromwell and his successors—men without a drop of Irish blood in their veins. On the other side were the three millions of Irish people, firm as a rock, as to the religion of their fathers. Now, that Parliament of 1782 represented only the five hundred thousand strangers. Not a single Catholic in Ireland sat in that Parliament, and, patriotic as it was, I deny that it represented the Irish nation. Grattan himself seems to have had remorse for claiming independence for the representatives, for he said, "I will never ask for independence for six hundred thousand Protestants whilst I leave three million Catholics in slavery." I deny that it was an Irish Parliament, and I hold that Mr. Froude has no business to tell us that because a few Protestant Orangemen, in 1782, did not know how to govern Ireland, therefore the Irish people do not know how to elect their own members and make their own laws. But bad as that Parliament was, and corrupt as it was, it was not the cause of the rebellion of 1798. No, but so long as the pen of history writes, will it not go down to future generations that the Prime Minister of England, and the premeditated action of the government of England, drove the Irish people into the rebellion of 1798? It was done calmly, coldly, and with a purpose. William Pitt resolved to pass the Act of Union, and rob the Irish people of their Parliament. He could not do it unless he disturbed the country, and, by disturbing it, destroyed it. He deliberately goaded the Irish people into the rebellion and sent more troops to Ireland, who were quartered on the people, and committed such ravages—burning houses, killing the men, worse than killing the women—that the people were maddened into rebellion, and we have the proof of it in the fact that, when the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie was made commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland before the rebellion, he found the army he came to command in such a state of wickedness and insubordination that he gave up the command, and washed his hands clean of them. Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, gives us testimony to the same effect.

FATHER JOHN MURPHY.

Take the celebrated Father John Murphy, who headed the rebels in 1798. He was a quiet, peaceable priest, going round amongst the people, taking care of his chapel and chapel-house, and through his quiet duties. He went out to attend a dying priest, and when he came back, he found his chapel-house burned to the ground. The poor people, driven from their houses, were huddled together, and as he came up to them they asked him, "What, in the name of God, are we to do? It is impossible to live in this country; it would be better to be dead." He answered like a true man, "It would not be better to be dead, but it would be better to take up pikes and strike in the name of God." My dear friends, I am not a warrior, nor a man of war or blood, nor a man of revolution. I'm the quietest and most peaceful of men, but, I declare to you, I do not know what I should have done if in Father John Murphy's place, except what Father John himself did.

THE LIVING QUESTIONS.

But after all, these things are questions of the past, and we are more interested in the questions of the present and the future than we are in the things of the past. The question, after all, is: Is all this to be continued? Is all this injustice, all this coercion, all this grasping at a nation, keeping it down, all this assertion that the people have no right nor title to govern themselves; all this justification of tyranny and spoliation, is all this to continue? Well, according to Mr. Froude, I am afraid it must continue. If he is the authority, I do not see

any way out of the difficulty, except, first, to come to America and, lastly, remaining at home and being coerced into submission. I do not like bragging or boasting, but I am not blind to the signs of the times, and I may tell Mr. Froude that the Irish people are not prepared to emigrate altogether. To be sure, it may be pleasant to cross the Atlantic—I did not find it very pleasant—and it may be a fine and pleasant thing to find a home and freedom and all the heart could desire in America. Many of you have found it, and the more of you that find it, the better pleased I will be. But, after all, there is such a country as Ireland on the face of the earth—and a sweet old country I have found it to be—and there is such a people as the Irish people, who have had that land for ages and ages, for weal or for woe, and that land God gave to the Irish people, and, with the blessing of God, that land will belong to the Irish people until the day of judgment. Mr. Froude's scheme of a universal emigration is a wild dream. I knew him to be a philosopher; I suspected him to be a historian, but I did not think or imagine him to be a poet until I heard him talk of an universal emigration of the Irish race. If the agitation for home rule continues, he says, the only way is to coerce us into submission. That is the old legislation for Ireland.

COERCION VERSUS EDUCATION.

I remember, in my own days, if the people wanted any thing—Catholic emancipation or parliamentary reform—the way we were treated by the English Government was to pass a coercion bill. This was often followed by martial law, the people being ground to the very earth, no man allowed to speak his opinion. This is Mr. Froude's second remedy. I may as well tell him that the time for coercion bills has gone by. We will have no more of them, and I will tell you what has assisted in putting them away forever. I verily believe that the national schools of Ireland, with all their faults, have put an end to coercion bills forever. The Irish people to-day are, as an average, as well educated as any other people in the world. You rarely meet in Ireland a man or a woman who does not feel a mixture of joy, and pride, and anger, when he reads or hears of the wrongs and glories of his old country. England, says Mr. Froude, is greatly afraid she will have to go back to measures of coercion again. I tell him she will not have to go back to them again, for the reason that she will not be able. What fate is before Ireland? Oh, my friends, what can I say? Before me lies the past of my native land. I can not wipe away her wrongs, but I can sympathize with her sorrows. I believe I see the dawning of her hopes. Of the future it becomes me not specifically to speak. I am a man of peace, not of war. It only remains for me to say that next to the duty I owe to God and His holy altar is the duty that I owe to the old land of Ireland, to pray for her and to be ready—whenever the necessary conditions will convince me of the fitness of the time—to take a man's part in the vindication of her freedom.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW OF EDUCATION INDORSED—TWO PROTESTANT BISHOPS ON GODLESS SCHOOLS.

A "CONVOCATION," or gathering of representatives of the various Protestant Episcopal parishes of the diocese of Long Island, was held at St. James Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, on Monday, December 9th. The object of it was to "compare views with regard to the important interests of Sabbath School work, and to enkindle renewed vigor in that direction." The convocation was presided over by Right Rev. Dr. Littlejohn, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Long Island. We have no interest in the matter further than to call attention to the fact that, in his opening address, Dr. Littlejohn is reported to have spoken as follows:

He alluded to a decision recently made by the Superintendent of Schools of New York State, that the State Constitution did not legalize the reading of the Bible in the public schools. The issue now is as to whether we are to have any systematic or earnest Christian training of the young. If we are, we must find it in our churches, for we have no hope of it in our schools, under the decision I have spoken of, and which I heard of for the first time to-day. It is a very serious matter, indeed, when it is decided that the Word of God no longer has a legal status in the common schools of this country. The school system has its virtues; but never can it have the hold upon the people that it should. The matter has, at length, drifted just where I expected it would, and we must now look to our churches alone—where many think it should always remain—for that instruction which is denied us under our present common school system. Any system of training that ignores the soul can tend only to evil and untold calamities, which will eventually ruin and destroy the land. This state of affairs calls for renewed earnestness on our part in the movement of which this evening's meeting is a part.

The utterances of the worthy Bishop are entitled to calm consideration. He is very explicit in assuring the public that the present Godless school system tends "only to evil and untold calamities, which will eventually ruin and destroy the land;" and he urges, in view of the disaster which threatens, "renewed earnestness" in the movement inaugurated in his diocese—"a systematic Christian training of the young." This is precisely what has been said, perhaps not so sharply, however, time and again, by Catholics, prelatial, clerical and lay, and for saying which the Church has been made to bear the vilest opprobrium, and to suffer the grossest misrepresentation of her designs and objects. Those of our readers who have perused attentively the contents of our journal are well aware that we have heretofore placed on record the utterances of distinguished Protestant ministers, which are substantially the same as those we now quote from Dr. Littlejohn. It is meet and proper that we should recall one of the most prominent of them. In

The Catholic Union of April 25th, we published extracts from an address delivered by the Right Rev. Horatio Potter, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, at the opening of the 87th Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the diocese of New York, held in St. John's Chapel, New York City, September 28th, 1870. Among other things, in that address, Bishop Potter treated the question of education, and, referring to the lamentable decrease of public and private virtue, he asks, where is the remedy? This question he answers negatively in these words:

We shall not find a remedy in mere secular education. We shall not find a cure for moral weakness and moral obliquity in that instruction and enlightenment which quickens and strengthens the intellect without educating the heart or the conscience. If, as a nation, we trust mainly to a common school system, which is nearly or quite destitute of religious character, which, at the best, has no definite moral and religious instruction and training, which scarcely bestows a thought, or any thing save the imparting of a certain amount of secular knowledge, and the development of a certain measure of mental quickness and vigor; and if nineteen-twentieths of all the care bestowed upon children in the family, and upon the education of our youth in high schools and colleges, take the same direction, be employed in stimulating and sharpening the mind, and filling it with secular information, often scarcely worth the name of knowledge, and all this accompanied, at the best, with only occasional loose, ineffectual references to religious truth and duty, then it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell the result. We shall have our reward. We shall attain the object for which we labored, but we shall not find ourselves in possession of the inestimable blessing for which we did not labor. With a great many noble individual exceptions we shall find that we are just such a nation, and only such a nation, as mere secular education tends to create—quick-headed, energetic, versatile, full of resources for a sharp struggle after temporal advantages, often very inferior temporal advantages, but to a lamentable extent among the body of the people, with a deficiency of tenderness and discrimination of conscience, with a lack of that strength and steadfastness of moral tone and moral principle which is the only security for a nation's well-being, and which can only come from a commanding and moral religious influence beginning in the family, and maintained through the subsequent stages of the education.

In another part of the same address, the Protestant Bishop refers to "the recent discussions which have taken place respecting our school system," and says, the "earnest arguments and appeals" to make the reading of a portion of Holy Scriptures one of the daily exercises of the school "were prompted by right views and instincts as to the sin and peril of upholding a vast popular system of Godless education"—a system which, he says, is the "formation of a kind of moral monster." We have yet to hear of any prelate of the Protestant Episcopal Church, or of any clergyman of that denomination, who has taken issue with the utterance of Bishop Potter, touching this matter of Godless schools. On the contrary, we can call to mind no instance wherein the question has been treated by any of those gentlemen, that the opinions expressed were not, in substance, similar to those which Bishops Potter and Littlejohn have so boldly and candidly avowed. We take it to be a fact, therefore, that the ministers of the Protestant Episcopacy, in the United States, are of one mind as to "the sin and peril of upholding a vast system of Godless education," and are earnest in believing that the present public school system, (which, beyond all question, does "ignore the soul") "can tend only to evil and untold calamities, which will ruin and destroy the land." And here we may repeat what we said in *The Catholic Union* of April 15: "When, hereafter, the advocates of the Godless system speak of the 'enemies of education, and apply the falsehood which that term conveys solely to the Catholic fold, they shall have no excuse for thus repeating the lie. It is an insult to many of the highest dignitaries in the Protestant sects, as well as to the Catholic Church."

The Brooklyn prelate, however, seems to be greatly exercised because the decision has been made, authoritatively, that "the Constitution does not legalize the reading of the Bible in the public schools." On this point there has been a variance between Catholics and their Protestant fellow-citizens, it is true. But the decision of the Superintendent of Schools of New York is in perfect accord with the law; in other words, the highest educational officer in the State has said to the Catholic body: "In the discussion of the question between yourselves and Protestants, you were clearly in the right—the law sustains you—and any attempt to make the Protestant Bible (for that is the only one ever read by the pupils) a text-book in the schools is an injustice done to you." Either the decision which Bishop Littlejohn regrets means this, or it means nothing. We will not stop to argue the justice of this decision; for it is clear as the noon-day sun that it is strictly in accord with that spirit of impartiality upon which every public institution of this country is intended to be based. Any decision affirming the right to make the reading of the Protestant Bible obligatory on the pupils, would be an infringement on the inalienable rights of the citizen, and would be the first step toward "the establishment of religion," (the Protestant religion) a matter which is une-

quivocally denied to any governing power in this country by the Federal Constitution. This matter is, however, to the Catholic body, simply an abstract one, and we allude to it here merely to show that American Catholics have, in no instance, when opposing the present system of school education, in any of its phases, acted contrary to the law of the land. Any charge affirming that they have so acted is a lie on the face of it, for which assertion, on our part, the decision of the Superintendent of Schools of New York State is sufficient warrant. This point is settled beyond further question.

The Brooklyn prelate further says:

It is a very serious matter, indeed, when it is decided that the Word of God no longer has a legal status in the common schools of this country.

With due reservation as to what is really meant by the "Word of God," we heartily agree with the worthy Bishop; but if he desires to be understood as referring, in this connection, to the simple reading of King James' per-version of the sacred Scriptures as being sufficient to change the present Godless schools into Christian institutions, we beg leave to confront him with the utterances of the renowned prelate who governs the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese which adjoins his own—the venerable Bishop Potter, of New York. In the address before the Convention of 1870, to which we have already alluded, Bishop Littlejohn's Metropolitan touches this very point, and says:

But, my brethren, while I cherish a great respect for all such feelings, [the desire to retain the Bible in the schools] I should consider that I failed in my duty to the Church and to the country at large, so far as it can be affected by any thing said, or left unsaid by me, if I omitted to throw out an earnest warning to all Christian people, that if they look to the mere reading of a portion of Holy Scripture in the public schools for any effectual religious impressions, or religious training, they will lean on a broken reed, they will be deluded by a vain hope. And I am the more concerned to say this, because it seems to me to be of the last importance, that people should not be prevented, by reliance on any such vain hope, from taking more distinct and effectual measures for the religious education of their children.

There is no mistaking the import of this language. "It is a very serious matter," says Bishop Littlejohn, "to exclude the Bible from the public schools." "Granted," replies Bishop Potter; "but, if you look to the mere reading of it for any effectual religious impressions, you are simply leaning on a broken reed, and being deluded by a vain hope"—exactly what the Catholic body has said, and is now saying. Look to the mere reading of the Bible, and you do nothing toward lessening the number of "moral monsters" that your present system is daily sending out into the world; rely simply upon the Bible as a text-book, and you will not avert "the evil and untold calamities which will eventually ruin and destroy the land." We beg our readers to remember that we are quoting the words of the two bishops who preside over the most important two dioceses of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Let no one say, hereafter, that agitation of this question—the necessity for "effectual religious impressions or religious training," as Bishop Potter phrases it, has been unproductive of good. The overshadowing importance of that religious training is being acknowledged by the most powerful Protestant denomination in our country. The persistence with which the Catholic Church has proclaimed the great truth, that "ignoring the soul" in education is conducive to "evil and untold calamities;" that there is "sin and peril in upholding a vast popular system of Godless education," is having its effect. These same sentiments are finding utterance in non-Catholic bodies (let us hope they are acting up to all the light which is given them)—and the day is approaching when all justice-loving citizens, to whatever religious sect they may belong, will acknowledge the truth of the principle for which the Church has been so long battling—that educating the intellect, and leaving the heart and conscience untutored, can produce naught but evil to society and the country. Out of this conviction will grow, in time, a denominational educational system, which, without oppressing the consciences of any, will preserve the inalienable rights of all. God speed the time!—*Buffalo Union*.

ROME IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO.

THE following is a list of some of the evils at present weighing upon Rome:

1. There is obligatory enlistment in the army, and a conscription which does not even spare those in holy orders.
2. Terrible disunion among the inhabitants and in private families, caused by the unjust usurpation of the Pope's Sovereignty.
3. Great distress, especially among artists dependent upon Catholic visitors and religious art, and among members of the legal and other professions, from conscientious refusal of the oath of allegiance to the usurping government, and consequent privation of employment.
4. Taxation enormous—e. g., a small barrel of wine,

formerly taxed at one franc, has now to pay five francs; and a funded property of £800, which in England would pay £20 income tax, here pays £81.

5. Infidel teachers introduced into the University and public schools.

6. Heresy and dissent allowed their chapels and meeting-houses.

7. The marriage tie protected and privileged only as a civil contract.

8. Ecclesiastical interests no longer protected by special tribunals.

9. Charitable endowments taken from the ecclesiastical administration, and subjected to a secular one; the intentions of pious founders ignored; religious direction in most cases removed from hospitals, orphanages, prisons and asylums.

10. The Quirinal Palace of the Pope forcibly seized, and made the dwelling-place of Prince Humbert and his wife.

11. The houses, gardens, and landed property of religious orders seized and appropriated in the most arbitrary manner, without any adequate compensation.

12. Fifty-six religious houses occupied wholly, or in part, as barracks, police-stations, and municipal schools.

13. The religious silence in the occupied convents disturbed by trumpet-calls and the ceaseless shouting and singing of the soldiers, and the courts and gardens of the religious overlooked by soldiers and police officials.

14. Public works carried on on Sundays and festivals, of the most unnecessary kind, such as leveling earth, digging out ruins, and repairing streets.

15. Plays indecent, or grossly insulting to the dignitaries of the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff himself, are allowed in the theatres.

16. Insulting biographies of the Holy Father and several cardinals are printed and allowed to circulate.

17. Blasphemous and obscene pictures are exposed for sale.

18. With the single exception of the *Frustra*, a Catholic humoristic daily paper, impious and mendacious journals are the only ones permitted to be openly sold in the streets, or placed in the cafés.

19. Sacrilegious robberies of churches and insults to religious and ecclesiastics are of frequent occurrence.

20. The Madonnas hung with lamps and votive offerings at street-corners and on the walls of houses are frequently pelted with mud and stones, by impious roughs, with impunity.

21. Mobs from the Ghetto and elsewhere are allowed at times to parade the streets, and to collect in front of the principal religious establishments, with cries of "Death to the Pope and the Priests;" and with expressions against Christ and the Blessed Virgin too blasphemous to record.

22. In consequence of these and other evils, the Holy Father can not leave the Vatican; he is prevented from visiting the great sanctuaries of the city on the recurrence of their annual festivals, and the Pontifical celebrations in St. Peter's, and the great Basilicas are no longer continued.

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY.

IN the great Church of the Franciscan order at Rome, the devotion of the Crib, first introduced by St. Francis, is kept up with more than ordinary state and magnificence. This church was erected on the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. It was here that the Emperor Augustus, in the zenith of his glory, demanded of the sybil whether any one should ever arise whose greatness would exceed his own. The question was asked on the very day on which the King of kings was born. The sybil consulted the oracles. As mid-day approached, the disc of the sun appeared surrounded with a golden circle; and in the midst was seen a Virgin, radiant with glory, seated upon an altar, and holding a Child in her arms. An unknown voice, whose utterance shook the vast building to the very foundation, uttered these words, "This is the altar of the King of kings!"

The priestess arose, her countenance glowing with unwonted fire, and her flowing tresses raised with terror and amazement. She exclaimed:

"Mighty Cæsar, this Child is greater than thou, and it is He whom thou must adore!"

The monarch, prostrated, and touched by an emotion which he could not understand, offered incense to the celestial Child, and forbid that the Senate should inscribe his name among the gods, as they had proposed.

From this the church has derived its name of *Ari Cæli*, or Altar of Heaven. Here, at Christmas, the *Santissimo Bambino** is venerated by thousands, while little children "preach," in simple accents, of the new-born God.

It is a touching spectacle. The simple dignity with which they fulfill the duty assigned them, and the grave respect with which they accept the applause of their audience, may appear strange and unnatural to some

*An image of the Infant Jesus, believed to have been carved by St. Luke.

foreign gazers on the scene, but surely not to those who believe that out of the mouth of Christ's little ones He has perfected praise.

The Capuchin Fathers of Italy and France have a touching custom at this holy season. The summons to the midnight office is not given, as usual, by the *crecelle monacle*; but the little choristers are permitted, on that night, to enter the cloister. With light and joyous steps they pass alone the dormitories and summon the friars with Christmas carols, and the sweet tinkling of little bells. We can well imagine with what eagerness the dear choir boys look forward to the privilege. Then, as each religious appears, he is presented with a lighted taper, which, however, adds but little to the surrounding brightness, for the glad troop of singers have kindled torches in every possible place and position in the monastery. Then friars and boys proceed, singing, to the church, where a new blaze of splendor awaits them. In many convents troops of little children join the procession as it enters the sacred building. At the church door they are met by the religious of the Third Order, bearing also lighted tapers, and staves adorned with ribbons and flowers. A thurifer then joins the procession, and thus they proceed to the altar, near which is the *Creche*.

The faithful, who have assembled in crowds, take up the refrain as the friars and boys approach, and tears and smiles on all sides tell the love of each for the ceremonies of that dear and blessed night.

The Canticles are finished. A priest says a few words to the people—it is not a time for much speaking. The office commences, and then,

“With *Kyrie* and *Gloria*,
The Christ His Mass is sung;”

and hearts which have passed with indifference through the most magnificent spectacles of earthly grandeur, are moved to tears by the simple ceremonies of the Christmas night.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

THE following letter, from the Very Rev. Canon Northcote, of St. Mary's, Oscott, has appeared in the *London Times*:

SIR:—Some months ago there was a short correspondence in the *Times* on the subject of the Italian Government, and its supposed interference with the work of the Cavaliere de Rossi, in the Roman Catacombs. On that occasion I was able to assure your correspondent that there was no foundation for the report which had called forth his lamentations—viz., that the custody of the Catacombs was about to be transferred from De Rossi to Rosa; neither have I heard any talk of such a change now. But the Catacombs are threatened much more seriously by danger of another kind, to which I am anxious to call the attention of all who are interested in the preservation of those venerable cities of the dead.

Heretofore the right of making excavations in these places has been reserved to the ecclesiastical authorities; and for several years past it has been exercised only by a Commission of sacred Archaeology, of which De Rossi was one of the leading members. If, in the process of excavation, any injury was done to the superficial soil, the damage was fairly assessed and paid for; or, when the Commission foresaw that their labors were likely to be extensive and to last for a long time, they sometimes persuaded the Pope to purchase the fee-simple of the soil. In this way he became the proprietor of the two vineyards between the Via Appia and Via Ardestina, under which the famous Catacomb of St. Callixtus had been rediscovered. More recently, a discovery, scarcely inferior in importance, has been made in a field on the other side of the Via Appia, the Catacomb of Pretextatus, and considerable progress had been made in clearing away the accumulated rubbish of centuries, when operations were suddenly interrupted by an action brought by the proprietor against the subterranean intruders upon his domain. In this lawsuit De Rossi represented the Commission; and some portion of the case was heard and argued for several hours in the Catacomb itself. The first decision was given in favor of the archaeologists, and on appeal this decision has been confirmed in a higher court. But, unhappily, our anxieties have by no means ceased. The two judgments already given only declare that the ecclesiastical authorities, and not the landlord, are in possession of the crypts; but the question still remains undecided as to the legitimacy of this possession, since the Italian Code has been promulgated in Rome. The Ministry are preparing the project of a law, soon to be presented to the Chambers, to which it is intended to settle questions of this kind, defining accurately all rights relative to monuments, whether Christian or profane, standing on private property. But unless this law recognizes and expressly declares the public and ecclesiastical character of the Catacombs, it is to be feared that both what has been already discovered there and what may yet remain to be discovered, will be lost to us: the *savants* of Europe will be reduced to

fruitless regret for the cessation of those studies and discoveries which have done so much and promises still more for the future, both of religion and science. I learn this both by private letters from De Rossi, and from a recent number of his *Bulletin of Christian Archaeology*—a most interesting quarterly magazine, of which a French translation may now be had from Mr. Stewart, published simultaneously with the Italian original. We trust the Italian Parliament will understand the grave responsibility which weighs upon them in this matter. The whole literary world, no less than the religious world, are interested in the safe preservation of these monuments. They have a right to demand that the new law should protect and place them in an inviolable sphere as the patrimony of all Christendom; but for this they must have timely warning of the danger. I know no better way of giving this than by asking leave to publish it in the *Times*. Your obedient servant,

J. SPENCER NORTHCOTE.

ST. MARY'S, OSCOTT, November 22d.

THE METHODISTS AND THE SCHOOLS.

THE Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held its annual session in New York, last week. Among the general conclusions arrived at by the assembled wisdom of the Board were the two following—and they contain more genuine, unsectarian common-sense than the majority of such conventions usually succeed in exhibiting.

1. The Rev. Dr. Holmes denounced the public schools as insufficient for religious education, and affirmed that the morals of the country are *not* improving in proportion to the increased facilities for education.

2. The Rev. Dr. Haven said that education and religion are so entwined that one can not be cultivated without the other. The time has not come when the Church can give up the school.

“Truth shall triumph,” says the proverb; and now the truth is being forced home, in spite of all fanatical opposition, that the public schools, as at present conducted, are mere hot-beds of infidelity and its companion vices. The Catholic Church, the great guardian of morality, was the first to perceive and denounce this tendency of the Godless institutions; and because, in the fulfillment of her mission, she fearfully exposed and condemned the evil, she was immediately assailed by every calumnious name that the Devil's ingenuity could suggest to the Devil's obedient followers. “Journals of Vilification” exhausted their imaginative power in cooking up old infamies and inventing new ones, with the design of reviving the oft-defeated crusade of the sects against the Church. *Harper's Weekly* was everlastingly weighed down with the heavy platitudes about “American liberty” and “the spirit of our fore-fathers”—two subjects, we may remark, regarding which the less that *Harper's* says the better for itself. The tinsel ornaments of Eugene Lawrence have, no doubt, impressed the ignorant readers of the *Weekly*, just as the gaudy trappings of a stage-king delight and awe the juvenile mind; but they can not stand the test of a calm, unprejudiced examination. What is the result. The Methodist Episcopal Church has registered its emphatic condemnation of the public schools. Now if *Harper's Weekly* be sincere and earnest in its championship of immorality, let it come boldly out and launch its thunderbolts at Methodist-Episcopalianism as well as of Catholicity.—*Exchange*.

A LIVING MICROSCOPE.

IN a recent copy of the Birmingham, England, *Register*, there is an interesting account of a lad whose powers of vision entirely eclipsed any thing of the kind ever heard of before. He is no less than a living microscope, and possesses the faculty of seeing minute objects magnified to a marvelous degree. When quite young, he was afflicted with a disease peculiar to the eyes, and fears were entertained that he would lose his sight. He recovered gradually, but it was noticed that the disease had materially affected the organization of the eye—in fact, changed its internal structure, the cornea being greatly enlarged, the crystalline lens being divided into three different parts, each part surrounded with a light blue circle, and in the centre of each appears the iris, but greatly diminished in size, being about the size of a pin's head. He can not distinguish objects at a distance, they appearing to him as ordinary eyes when drawn out to a focus, blurred and misshapen. His case is exciting great interest among scientific men, who have formed various opinions as to the causes that have wrought such a change.

Added to this wonderful talent of microscopic sight, the lad exhibits that of being able to sketch the objects he examines, and, by an admirable finish of water colors, can give to the world the results of his studies. He has, within the last year, examined and sketched quite a number of beautiful specimens of *Diatomacia Polycystina* and sponge spicules that were kindly loaned him by several gentlemen of learning, their object being to compare them

with other published views of the same objects, in order to test their truthfulness, and the result has been altogether satisfactory. A copy of the papers photographed in Paris during the last siege was shown him, and he immediately read the lines and pronounced the words which, however, he did not understand, not being versed in French.

Scientists who have paid attention to this case state, as the result of their experiments, that the magnifying power of his vision is about five hundred diameters. One curious fact connected with his vision is, that he will never examine water, having once, soon after his recovery, discovered the vast number of infusoria contained in some he was in the act of drinking, which had the effect to thoroughly frighten him, since which event no inducement can make him repeat the experiment.

Sir Charles Madden, F. R. S., has paid much attention to this singular case, and has brought it prominently before that body by a series of interesting papers. It is said that Dr. Crowder, an eminent oculist, is preparing an elaborate article on the subject for the *London Lancet*.

AIMEE'S SACRIFICE.

IV.

EVERY now and again Aimée understood that *she*, though not directly named, formed the subject of conversation between the two partners. She was in some way connected with the return of “Robert,” though who Robert was, or where he was coming from, she had not the slightest conception, and she felt too weary at heart to indulge much curiosity. Christmas came, and poor Aimée's heart was sore indeed. At such a period, the happiest family has some sad memories—there are some vacant places at the board, some voices whose tone we listen for in vain; but with Aimée what a change since last year! She could not but think of the midnight Mass, the gathering of the villagers, the sky radiant with stars, her mother's kiss, the curé's blessing; how, later in the day, she had waited on the poor, and gladdened many a heart, and how she had trimmed the church's arches with holly, and how she had dressed the *crèche*. Now, there were no such delights for her; still she drove back her tears. She thought of her mother's Christmas in Heaven, really singing the angelic song. And in the dingy London chapel a few holly-berries were glistening, and upon the altar was the same Lord, the same Friend and Comforter; and Aimée, as she walked home through the streets, when a fog was beginning to turn to rain, and when every object looked a dirty-brown color, felt in her heart that she possessed the greatest blessing the festival could bring—*peace of heart*.

She dreaded the dinner, because she feared Mr. Hulme would be present; but on entering the drawing-room, she found, to her surprise, a gentleman whom she had never seen before. He was lying back in one of the easy-chairs, a newspaper in his hand, as if quite at home. On her entrance he sprang to his feet, and Aimée saw he was a young man about five-and-twenty, with a fair, open countenance, beaming with good humor and cheerfulness.

“Miss Morton, I presume. Allow me to introduce myself, as there is no one at hand to perform the ceremony. I am Robert Claydon, at your service, nephew to the redoubtable Mr. Hulme. I am not vain enough to suppose he has talked of me in my absence.”

“I have heard him speak of some one called Robert,” said Aimée, smiling.

“I have been in Holland these three months,” he replied, “on business of the firm, and only returned last night.”

The entrance of Mr. Morton and Mr. Hulme put a stop to the conversation; but Aimée soon found that dinner was a very different matter in presence of the new guest.

Mr. Hulme was in the highest good humor, Mr. Morton less icy than usual, while Robert's flow of spirits seemed inexhaustible. All the little incidents of an ordinary journey from Hamburg to London were told in such a manner as to make them amusing; and when Aimée went to bed that night, she felt as if a ray of sunshine had suddenly lightened her life. Sunshine, indeed, was the word that could best express the effect produced by Robert Claydon's presence. There was sunshine in his laughing blue eyes, in his merry smile, in his joyous voice. Having learned the secret of personal happiness, his one desire was to make others happy, and morose, indeed were the natures he did not gladden; and Aimée soon found that he was not only bright and genial, but noble in character and heart.

Mr. Hulme had long intended to make Robert his heir; and since the arrival of Aimée, the partners had formed the scheme of marrying her to Robert, and thus keeping the property of the firm intact. Her wishes in the matter the old man little thought of, nor were Robert's much considered, except that they each knew too well Robert would not be dictated to in so important a matter as the choice of a wife.

It was, however, not long after his return to England that the “firm” intimated the purport of their august will to Robert.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," was his smiling answer. "This little Aimée is, I believe, the very ideal I have imagined to myself for a wife, and by all laws of romance you, our respected uncles, ought to forbid the match, or cut us off with a shilling, instead of actually urging us on. But now remember," added he, "a fair field, or I'm off the bargain. No issuing of commands to the poor little maiden. I will win her on my own merits, and after my own fashion, or not at all."

And so the weeks passed on, and Robert began seriously to doubt whether he had really made progress. Aimée was always pleased to see him; she had lost all shyness and embarrassment in his presence. There is no self-possession so perfect as that given by simplicity, and Aimée, who rarely thought about herself, was always at her ease. She trusted Robert implicitly, and had learned to tell him about her home, her former pursuits, and even of her darling mother. She never tried to analyze her feelings; she only knew that her whole life was changed, since that Christmas-day, by the constant intercourse with this new friend; and Robert, whose whole heart was given to her, feared that she only regarded him with sisterly affection, and he feared to speak the words which might, instead of crowning his hopes, banish him from her side.

One evening, in the early spring, Aimée was sitting at the piano trying some new music Robert had given her. Robert was not far off, and Mr. Hulme and Mr. Morton were lingering, according to their custom, in the dining-room. A servant entered with letters.

"Are there any for me?" said Aimée, turning round eagerly. "The French letters often come by this post, and it is so long since I heard from St. Victor."

"Yes," said Robert, bringing the letter to her, "here it is, post-mark, foreign stamp, and all."

"But not his hand-writing!" said Aimée, in a surprised tone, and she tore the letter open. A sudden paleness overspread her face, and the letter fell from her hands, and she looked up into Robert's face with an expression of mute agony.

"My poor child!" said Robert, in a tone so gentle, so full of sympathy, that Aimée broke down.

"He is gone!" she sobbed out; "my last, my only friend."

"Nay, not so," cried Robert; "I would give my life for you, my Aimée—my love—my love! O darling, can you care for me? can you give me your heart for mine?"

She gave one look only from her innocent eyes, still full of tears, but that one glance sufficed; it removed all doubt from Robert's mind. He felt that he was indeed beloved with a woman's first and ardent attachment; and gathering her into his arms, he bade her weep out her sorrows on his breast, henceforth to be her refuge. Henceforth their joys and their sorrows were to be in common. After a time, they read the letter together. It was from the doctor of St. Victor, and told how the old curé had died suddenly while kneeling before the altar in silent prayer—a frequent custom of his throughout the day. He had fallen sideways, his head resting on the altar-step, a smile of childlike sweetness on his lips, his rosary twined about his hands, his Breviary by his side—a soldier with his armor on, he had been called by his Master to join the Church Triumphant. For such a loss there could be no bitterness, and Aimée's sorrow was calm and gentle. And round her life now there hung a halo such as had never brightened it before. She had been happy with her mother and in her village, with the springtide joy of childhood and early youth; but now the rich, full summer of her life was come. True it was, no voice, save poor Mrs. Connell's, wished her joy. She had no mother, or sister, or even friend, to tell out the many new thoughts that her position brought to her mind; but, to make up for this, she found she had won a heart such as rarely falls to the lot of mortal.

To the lonely girl Robert was literally all—mother and brother and lover in one. Her happiness, not his own gratification, was the pervading thought of his life. She was not only loved, but watched over tenderly and cared for with exceeding thoughtfulness. There was, of course, nothing to wait for; and as soon as the settlements were drawn up, Easter would have come, and then the marriage would take place. Knowing Aimée's love for the country, Robert took a cottage in one of the pretty villages that surrounded London, and there, as he planned, they could garden together in the summer evenings, and sometimes take a row upon the Thames.

Meanwhile, Robert took Aimée away, as much as possible, from the gloomy atmosphere of Russell Square. They went together to the parks and to Kensington Gardens, where the trees were fast beginning to put on their first fresh green; and they went together to the different Catholic churches, for the beautiful services which abound in such variety during Lent; and during their walks to and fro Aimée learnt more and more of the nobility of the mind that was hereafter to guide and govern her own. They were not ordinary lovers, these two; their affection was too pure, too deep, too *real* to need much out-

ward demonstration, or many expressions of its warmth. They knew each possessed the other's heart, and that was enough. Their conversation often ran on grave subjects, and often, leaving the things of earth, they mounted to the thoughts of a higher and better life; and Aimée found, to her astonishment, that the young merchant, active in business, the laughing, merry Robert in society, was, in reality, leading in secret, a life of strict Christian holiness, and that the secret of the perpetual sunshine of his nature proceeded from his having found rest where alone the heart of man can find it. Deep as was his love for her, Aimée knew it was second only to his love for his Creator; and at the call of duty he would not hesitate to sacrifice the dearest hopes of his life. Here she felt she could not follow him; her love for him very nearly approached idolatry. The thought was painful, and she banished it from her mind, and gave herself up to the full enjoyment of her first perfect dream of bliss.

V.

It was a late Easter, and the feast came in a glorious burst of spring. Only a brief ten days now intervened between Aimée's marriage-day. Already the simple bridal attire was ready; "for," as Mrs. Connell observed, "there was nothing like being in time;" and the orange flowers and the veil were already in the good housekeeper's charge, and she looked forward with no little pleasure to the novel sight of a wedding from her master's gloomy abode. Robert wished Aimée to see the house he had taken for their future home; and early in Easter week Mrs. Connell accompanied them thither, to give her sage advice as to the finishing touches of furniture and house-linen. It really was a little gem of a house, surrounded with fairy-like gardens, with tall trees shading it on one side, and the silver Thames shining in the foreground; and as Aimée stood, silent with delight, before the open French window of her drawing-room, Robert showed her a little steeple peeping through the trees, and told her the pretty new Catholic church was not five minutes' walk from their abode.

"And this tiny room, dearest," said he, opening a miniature window adjoining the drawing-room, "I thought we would make into a little oratory, and hang up those pictures and the crucifix, which belonged to your dear mother."

Aimée's head fell on his shoulder.

"Robert, I feel as if it were much *too bright* for earth. The curé always seemed to be trying to prepare me for a life of suffering, for a sad future, for a heavy cross. Long before mamma's death, he used to speak so much in the confessional of the love of suffering, of *enduring* life—and I always believe he had some strange insight into the future. But where is the suffering in my lot now, Robert, I ask myself sometimes; *where is the cross?*"

"It will come, my dear one," answered he, with his bright smile; "never fear, God gives us sunshine sometimes, and we must be ready for the clouds when they come, but we need not be looking out for them. We may have some great trials together—who knows? But now come and look at the way I am going to lay out my garden."

Aimée followed him without answering; but in her heart there swelled the thought that, *with him*, no trial could be really great.

On returning to town, Robert took leave of Aimée at the station, and put her and Mrs. Connell into a cab, and promised to return to Russell Square for dinner. As the cab rolled through the streets, now bright and cheerful in the sunlight, Aimée thought of her first journey through them six months before, and how her life, then so sad, had so strangely brightened; and it was with a radiant face that she entered the gloomy portal of her uncle's house.

The footman stopped Mrs. Connell, as she followed her young mistress.

"My master has come home," he said, "and asked for you, and precious cross he was because you wasn't in; he seems ill like, for he sent for a cup of tea."

"Master at home! a cup of tea!" ejaculated Mrs. Connell, in dismay; and she hastened to the study, to find Mr. Morton shivering over the fire, and so testy and irritable it was difficult to know what to do for him. He was evidently ill, but would not hear of sending for a doctor. "Nonsense, he was never ill; he should dine as usual," he exclaimed sharply. But when dinner-time came he was unable to partake of it, and his illness was so evidently gaining on him that he yielded to Robert's persuasion, and Dr. Bruce was summoned. The doctor ordered his patient to bed, looked serious, and promised to come again in the morning. By that time Mr. Morton was delirious, and it was with no surprise that the household learnt the illness was a low typhus fever. A nurse was sent for to assist Mrs. Connell. Aimée was forbidden to approach the bed-room, and the wedding was postponed.

Robert's first wish had been to send Aimée away, but

she shrank from the idea; and as Dr. Bruce considered the risk of infection had already been run, he did not press the point. He was careful to take her out as much as possible into the open air, and to prevent the silence and gloom of the house from depressing her. Mr. Morton's life was in the utmost danger, and, therefore, do what they would, they could not be so cheerful as before. Hitherto the lovers had, by a tacit consent, avoided the mention of Aimée's uncle; for the six months that had elapsed since she had entered his doors had made no difference apparently in Mr. Morton's feelings toward her. He was as icy as ever; and when her engagement was announced, he never wished her joy, or seemed glad of it for her sake. Cold and hard he naturally was, but Aimée could not but feel that he had an actual dislike to her; for he would smile now and then at Mr. Hulme's jokes, and his manner to Robert often verged on cordiality. With her only he was invariably silent, stern and freezing; and poor Aimée's heart, so full of affection, so ready to be grateful for the little he did for her, felt deeply pained. But now Robert and she spoke anxiously of that soul which was hanging in the balance between life and death. He had lived without God, in open defiance of His laws, in avowed disbelief of the very existence of his Maker; and now was he, without an hour's consciousness, without any space for repentance, to be hurried into the presence of his Judge? They shrank in horror from the thought; and many were their prayers, many were the Masses offered up that God in His mercy would not cut off this man in his sins. Their prayers were granted; he did not die, and after three weeks of intense anxiety, the crisis passed, and he began to mend. Mental improvement was not to be perceived with returning health. No expression of gratitude for having escaped death crossed his lips—apparently the shadow of death had not terrified him—he rose up from his sick bed as hard, as cynical, as icy as before. And Aimée's fond hope that at last he would thaw to her was disappointed.

As soon as Mr. Morton could leave his room, Dr. Bruce prescribed change of air; and it was arranged that Robert and Aimée should accompany him. Mrs. Connell was so thoroughly used up with nursing that she was to be sent to take a holiday among her friends in Ireland.

It was hard work to persuade Mr. Morton to go at all, still harder to find a place to suit him; he moved from spot to spot, till at last, to his companions' surprise, he seemed to take a fancy for a wild spot on the North Devon Coast, and there settled for some weeks. It was a most out-of-the-way spot, and the only place in which they could reside was a homely village inn. It pleased him, however, and day by day he rapidly gained his strength. Robert and Aimée were well contented; the beauty and quiet of this place were delightful, and not a mile from it was a Catholic church, which happened to be served by a priest who had known Robert in his boyhood. Great was Aimée's pleasure in listening to their laughing reminiscences of by-gone years, and greater still was her happiness when she chanced to be left alone with Father Dunne, and he spoke of Robert, of his innocent childhood, his holy life, the bright example he set in his position, and assured her that few women had won such a prize as she had for life. Then Aimée's heart swelled with joy and pride. On one lovely day in June, Aimée was specially happy; for her uncle's improvement was so marked, Robert had been asking her to fix an early day in July for their wedding. Mr. Hulme and Mrs. Connell could join them, and they could be married at this little church, which had become dear to them, and Father Dunne could pronounce the nuptial benediction. Aimée greatly preferred this to being married in London, and her heart was very light. That morning she had knelt by Robert's side at Communion. She could not help observing the rapt, almost celestial expression of his face afterward. It was the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and Father Dunne had Benediction early in the afternoon.

As they walked to church together, their conversation turned on religious subjects, and Robert spoke in a more unreserved way than he had ever done before. He spoke of Heaven, the rest it would be after earth's toils, of the sweetness of sacrifice, of the joy of God's service. Aimée was silent. He looked down into her face.

"Well," he said, smiling, "is it not true?"

"O Robert," she cried, "your love is Heaven to me now! Is not, O, is not mine so to you?"

"No, my Aimée," he answered, gravely, yet sweetly; "my heart's darling, God first, then you."

"I can not!" she answered, in a stifled voice.

"You will soon, darling, never fear. I prayed this morning that our love might be sanctified, might draw us closer to God—and I feel it will be so. Pray with me for it at Benediction."

So they went and knelt before the altar, and their Lord blessed them as they bent before him. Passing out of Church, Father Dunne joined them, and remarked on the beauty of the evening.

"We shall go with my uncle on the cliff," said Aimée, "and watch the sunset."

"And perhaps I shall meet you there," answered the priest, "for I have a sick call from which I can return in that direction." So saying, he turned into another road.

VI.

Mr. Morton was ready when they returned to the inn, and the three passed up on the cliff, and wandered on far beyond their usual distance. They came to a part where the cliff was one sheer sheet of rock descending to the beach, save one large crag which jutted out, and on one side obscured the view. Aimée had a great horror of looking down any steep place, and shrank back from the cliff, while Mr. Morton, who despised her weakness, always chose to walk at the very edge.

"See here, little one," said Robert, "here is a safe place for you." An iron stanchion had been thrust into the ground, and a thick rope was carelessly coiled round it. "It must be used for throwing signals to the boats below," said Robert, "but you can lean against it, Aimée."

"I think I shall step on that crag, Robert," said Mr. Morton, "if you will lend me an arm, I want to catch the whole view at once."

"O uncle!" said Aimée, in a tone of terror.

"Do you think it is very prudent, sir?" remarked Robert. "It is none too wide to stand on."

"O, very well," said Mr. Morton, testily, "if you are afraid, I shall go by myself."

Robert's merry laugh was the only answer, and giving his arm to Mr. Morton, they both descended.

Aimée hid her face, sick with terror. She heard their voices for a minute, then—O horror, what was that? A crash, a rush, a sudden shout of pain! She rushed to the edge, to see the crag detach itself from the rock, and the two figures falling. She saw both clutching for some support—she saw both catch hold of different bits of rock jutting out—she knew, for her senses were sharpened by fear, that they could not long sustain their weight. She thought of the rope, rushed for it, uncoiled it, and ran back. All was the work of one moment. An unnatural activity seemed to possess her. She was like one in a dream. She saw the rope would not reach both; she must choose between them. Neither could see her! But on the still evening air, with her ears quickened unnaturally, she heard—oaths from one; from the other, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Aimée threw the rope to Mr. Morton, and saw him catch it. The next instant she heard another crash—a dull thud, as of something falling—and nature could bear no more. Aimée fell on the ground, insensible, just as Father Dunne and some laborers, alarmed by the shout in the distance, came running to the spot.

When Aimée woke to consciousness, she was in her own bed at the inn. Her first thought was that she had been dreaming; but she started back; the landlady was walking by her, and now came forward, trying to put on an appearance of composure.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW MARRIAGE LAW.

AFTER January 1st, 1873, clergymen and others authorized to solemnize marriages will note the very material changes from the present law, so far as related to their duties in the premises.

First.—A license, substantially as now, is to be obtained by the parties, from the County Clerk. Such license is to show the identity of the parties; that they are of sufficient age to be capable of contracting marriage. If the male be under 21 or the female under 18 years, then the consent of the father, mother, or guardian, if any such, is to be given. To ascertain these facts, oaths may be administered by the Clerk, and all the above named facts must be stated in the license.

Second.—Marriages may be solemnized by either a Justice of the Supreme Court, District or County Judge, Justice of the Peace, Mayor, Priest or minister of the gospel, of any denomination.

Third.—The person solemnizing the marriage, must require the presentation of the marriage license, and satisfy himself that it is in conformity with the law, "and that the facts set forth in it are true." To ascertain this he may either rely upon the license, or himself examine the parties on oath, which he is authorized to administer.

Fourth.—Such person must attach a certificate to the license, showing: "1. That he believes the facts stated to be true, and that upon due inquiry there appears to be no legal impediment to the marriage. 2. The names and places of residence of one or more witnesses to the ceremony. 3. The fact, time and place of solemnization." He must also, "at the request, and for either party, make a certified copy of the license and certificate, and file the original with the County Recorder, within thirty days after the marriage." It will thus be seen, that not only new duties but new powers are here en-

joined, and clergymen, as well as judicial officers, are authorized to administer oaths to parties applying to be married.—*Sacramento Record.*

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF ST. MARY'S SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ON the evening of Thursday the 2d inst., a very pleasant entertainment was given by the pupils of St. Mary's Sunday School. Christmas trees loaded with gifts were provided for the children, who testified their delight throughout the proceedings by hearty applause.

The hall used for the occasion was that in the basement of the church. It was hung with evergreens and holly branches. At the upper end, above the platform used for a stage, was a pretty little chromo, bearing the words "Merry Christmas." On each side stood the Christmas trees, hung with presents, making glad many youthful hearts.

The hall was crowded with the pupils of the school, their relations and friends. Among those present were His Grace the Archbishop, Rev. Fathers Prendergast, Spreckles and Slatery. The entertainment consisted of recitations, songs and choruses. The pupils acquitted themselves remarkably well, showing the effects of careful preparation. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the programme consisted of the presentations made by the Sunday School pupils to their able teachers, Miss Armer and Miss Collins. The one received a beautiful vase of wax flowers, the other a large picture of the Blessed Virgin. Afterward the gifts were distributed, to the joy and satisfaction of the little ones.

This Sunday School is now one of the most prosperous in the city. It owes its flourishing condition chiefly to the untiring efforts of the teachers, who labor without ceasing in the good cause. It has increased, from a few scholars, to over three hundred, and I hope will still continue to enlarge its sphere of usefulness.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.—The next session of St. Joseph's College, Humboldt County, will commence on the 23d of January. Father Hennebery will be in this city about the 12th inst., and may be seen daily from 2 1/4 P. M., until the 15th. The parents desirous to send their sons to that institution would do well to see the Rev. gentleman.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

At Yreka, on the night of January 3d it snowed, and January 4th it rained.

San Diego is experimenting in the culture of the banana-tree, and is hopeful of success.

The Antioch *Ledger* folks have capture a live tarantula for the Agassiz Institute, Sacramento.

Unusually violent storms of rain, snow, wind and sleet have been raging in the Puget Sound region.

The reclaimed tule lands of California are said to produce the best and largest potatoes in the world.

Minnie Myrtle Miller was to lecture in Chicago last week, twice—on Thursday and Friday. Subject: "Joaquin Miller, the Poet."

Says a Stockton dispatch of January 4th: The wheat market to-day was brisk, at advanced prices. Prices ranged from \$2.05 to \$2.10.

Says a Los Angeles dispatch of January 4th: The first of this season's orange crop is coming in. The crop promises fair for a full average yield.

Hungry canines are again appeasing their appetites on French Merinos in Marion County, Oregon. Three \$50 sheep is rather a dear meal, but the dogs like it.

A body of citizens in San Francisco have got up a postal telegraph petition in favor of the Postmaster-general's views on his subject, and addressed it to Congress.

During the storm of the past week the flume conducting the waters of Chico Creek to the Chico flour mills broke down. Some 140 feet of fluming were prostrated.

Sales of real estate property in San Francisco, belonging to the estate of H. H. Byrne, were made at auction, January 2d, and the net proceeds amounted to \$30,842.60.

A Stockton dispatch of January 4th says: Two hundred tons of wheat reached here to-day from Hill's Ferry, being the first cargo since navigation opened on the San Joaquin River.

Recently, a little child of I. P. Davis, only three or four years of age, was lost, and has not since been found. Davis is the ferryman at what is known as Berry's Ferry, across the Tuolumne River.

John T. McLean, who has just returned from Yosemite Valley, says that during Christmas week fifteen inches of rain fell in the valley, as measured by the rain-gauge kept by Mr. Hutchings.

The new Court-house at San Rafael is fast nearing completion, and active preparations are being made for the celebration of the event by a grand ball, to be given on the evening of the 22d proximo.

The County Jail at San Rafael has but one inmate, and that is an unfortunate young man twenty-seven years of age, named James King, who was arrested in California City, on the charge of maltreating his aged mother.

The Visalia *Times* cheerfully remarks, that "barring the little unpleasantness resulting from the murder of one man, the hanging of another, and the shooting of two more during the holidays, they passed off pleasantly enough."

In San Francisco, Edward Bosqui, of the firm of Edward Bosqui & Co., was the victim of a brutal outrage on one of the North Beach and Mission cars, January 2d, by two large and drunken cowards. No arrests were made.

The Bay route to San Jose, via Alviso, will be opened again on the first of April next. Last spring, notwithstanding the eight miles of staging to Alviso, the passenger travel by that route amounted to from fifty to one hundred a day.

In San Francisco, last week, there were seventy deaths. Forty-seven were adults, and twelve children under one year of age. Of males there were forty-one; females, twenty-nine. The whites numbered sixty-four; black, one, and copper-colored five.

Says a Pioche dispatch of January 4th: A large meeting was held at the Court-house last night to organize a Protective Union and to adopt measures to arrest the progress of crime in this community. About two hundred citizens signed the roll. An executive committee was appointed, and other important business transacted.

Says a Vallejo dispatch of the 4th: Thomas J. Johnston, formerly County Recorder of this county, also having occupied the position of commandant's clerk for Mare Island Navy Yard, was found dead sitting in his chair this morning, about 11 o'clock. Dr. Washington testified to his belief that his death was caused by heart disease.

A novel case came up before Justice Trafford yesterday, at Los Angeles, the parties resident at Los Nietos. A man named Thiselthwaite accuses Henry Minson of forcing him, at the pistol's mouth, to sign an order on one of our city banks, on Christmas day. The latter was held to answer before the grand jury, and, in default of bail, remanded to jail.

Rumors of the sale of one million dollars' worth of property—on New Montgomery, Market, and other streets in San Francisco—from the Montgomery Street Real Estate Company to the Central Pacific Railroad Company, or an association of capitalists, have been mysteriously whispered about lately. The transfer, lately, of a portion of the property to the person in whose name nearly all the land of the above real estate company stands, is thought by some to confirm the rumor.

On Saturday morning the City Board of Trustees of San Diego sold, at public auction, the lands deeded by a former Board to the San Diego and Gila Railroad Company. James A. Evans, engineer-in-chief of the California division of the road, was the only bidder. The entire tract of 9,000 acres, divided up into 160 parcels, was knocked down to him for \$160. This gives the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company as complete and thorough a title to the lands as they desire.

The *Marin Journal* is positively assured that the North Pacific Coast Railroad Company has determined to proceed at once to the construction of their road, on the line of the original survey, and under the subsidy granted them in accordance with their first request. This will run from Saucelito to San Raphael; hence to the White Ranch, to the Paper Mill Creek, down the creek to the head of Tomales Bay, along the bay to Keyes Creek and up that to Tomales, running almost directly through the center of the county. The company has applied to C. S. Parsons, ex-Supervisor, and Vanderbilt of Tomales, to secure the right of way, commencing immediately and pushing the work with all speed.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Ice on the Potomac, at Washington, was six inches thick last week! Comfortable!

Oroville can furnish a water capacity to run 1,206,928 spindles and 27,498 looms if she can get \$27,006,000 to start the thing.

Susan B. Anthony, and fourteen other women, who voted in New York, at the last election, have been held by the United States District Court. Their bail was fixed at \$5,000. The election officers were also held to answer for receiving their votes.

An ice-gorge in the Mississippi, above Memphis, gave way on Friday of last week, and came down with such force as to sweep away, crush and sink a large number of boats and barges. The loss will probably reach \$500,000. In coal, upon barges which are sunk, there was a loss of \$130,000.

During religious services in the Baptist Church at Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, on Christmas, the floor suddenly gave way and precipitated five hundred persons into the cellar. Fourteen of the number were killed, and about forty injured. The horror of the scene was increased by the contents of the lamps igniting and threatening the destruction by fire of the building and those of the inmates who could not escape. Those who had not been injured succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

A Washington special contains the following information of a diplomatic character just received here from Mexico. It is construed by members of the diplomatic corps to be indicative of a general revolution in that Republic, and the impression is, that by or before February 1st, a revolution against the new Government of President Lerdo de Tejada will occur: "The previous reports given in this correspondence of uprising in the States of Coahuila and Chihuahua were decidedly anticipative of the above fact. That the people of Mexico are, to a great degree, turbulent, is not disguised or denied."

A very heavy snow-storm occurred, on Thursday of last week, in the New England and Northern States. In many of the cities the street cars were blocked up, as it was impossible for the men employed for the purpose to keep the tracks clear. Railroad trains, generally, were blocked up on the mountains. The thermometer ranged from six to forty degrees below zero. The Mississippi was nearly frozen over at Memphis. The snow extended to most of the Southern cities. A foot and a half of snow fell in New York. In Columbia, South Carolina, the storm of snow and sleet was heavier than was ever known before.

BREAD EIGHT YEARS OLD.—In each of the boats of the *Sacramento*, when she struck on the reef, there was a sealed tin case filled with 100 pounds of pilot bread, placed in them when the ship was built, eight years ago. The Chief Engineer informs us, that with one exception, all were found in perfect condition when opened on the San Geronimo Island. The one that was damaged was only slightly mildewed. This fact is interesting to know, as it is the invariable custom to keep cases of such bread in boats, in anticipation of a wreck. The water in the boats is changed each trip before leaving San Francisco. With the addition of a portable water-condenser, the outfit in the life-boats would be complete.—*San Diego Union.*

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

To the Catholics of the Pacific Coast:

At this time, when we find the country flooded with newspapers and periodicals, laying high claims to respectability and fairness, and which a Catholic, even, could not exclude from his house, without laying himself liable to the charge of bigotry, filled with open attacks upon the Church, or, worse yet, with insinuations and innuendoes; when we find our public and private libraries stored with pretended histories and other writings, assuming to be standard works, in which the motives and actions of the Church are falsified and misrepresented; when it has come to pass that a Catholic must be under the necessity of scrutinizing closely every book or paper he puts in the hands of his children, that their minds may not be poisoned by the base slanders and malicious insinuations so often rung into the fashionable literature of the day; when we find that even those of the secular Press which are most inclined to do justice to our cause, dare not, for fear of losing patronage, raise a voice against the recent acts of high-handed tyranny exercised by European and American Governments, by which holy men of prayer, whose only offense was that their purity of life was a reproach to sin, were banished and their goods confiscated; when we find the children of so many Catholics who have been careless enough to let them roam free over this field of corrupt literature, torn from the bosom of the Church, and lost to her saving influence; when, in short, we can trace most of the evils which affect religion and society to a false education and a false literature, it would be criminal in us, who profess to love our Holy Mother, the Church, above all our earthly possessions, not to recognize the power of the Press, and turn that mighty power into an instrument of good.

We do not underrate the exertions of our Prelates and Priests—those holy men who have laid all their worldly ambitions and pleasures upon the Altar for Jesus' sake; but their voices will not reach all that can be reached by the Press. Neither can they take up and discuss to their flocks those topics which are legitimate for newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals, and books. The Press must be auxiliary to the labors of the priesthood. Our Holy Father Pope Pius IX, in 1851, said: "Providence seems to have given, in our day, a great mission to the Catholic Press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of faith where they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and cold indifference have caused them to be forgotten."

Considerations such as these have led to the incorporation of THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY, with a Capital Stock of Twenty Thousand Dollars, divided into Two Thousand Shares of Ten Dollars each, for the purpose of publishing a newspaper at the city of San Francisco, which shall fill the want, felt by all, of a good Family Paper, and which shall be, at all times, an earnest defender of the Church; and for the purpose of printing and publishing such other matters as may be useful to the Church, or as the Company may be employed to do. It is expected that this Stock will be subscribed in small amounts, and the active co-operation of all Catholics is earnestly solicited, both in taking the stock and in extending the circulation of the newspaper and other publications of the Company.

The Company will not publish a paper, the organ of any party or nationality; but while they will claim for it an independence of expression on general subjects, and while they will disclaim all intention of holding the Church responsible for its utterances, and while they would not expect to accomplish the impossible task of pleasing every body, they will try to confine it to topics upon which there shall be no material disagreements among Catholics.

It is expected that in a few months, at most, the stock of the Company will be worth fully par, as an investment; but, in its infancy, it is but right that whatever there is of risk shall be borne by the many.

The affairs of the Company will be conducted on strictly business principles, and when there shall be any profits, each stockholder, however small his interest, will receive his full share thereof.

In appealing to the Catholic community to sustain this enterprise, we can think of no language more appropriate than that used by our Holy Father in his Encyclical Letter of 1853:

"We urgently beseech of you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with Catholic spirit and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring in writing and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic Doctrine."

Again, in his letter to the American Prelates, urges them to "Leave nothing untried by

which our Holy Religion and its salutary teachings may more increase in the United States, and unhappy wanderers may return to the safe path."

For the present, we have made arrangements for the publication of THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN once a week. Knowing what concert of action among the many will accomplish, we ask from the Catholic community of the Pacific Coast such assistance as shall give to the enterprise we have inaugurated that measure of success which, in our judgment, it deserves.

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A NEW FEATURE FOR 1873.

UNPARALLELED PREMIUM! ONE NEVER OFFERED BY ANY PUBLISHER, EITHER IN THIS COUNTRY OR IN EUROPE! RAPHAEL'S CELEBRATED PICTURE, "THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO!"

A SPLENDID engraving; not a cheap colored picture; but a really beautiful work of art, and an exact fac-simile of the original painting.

The publishers of the GUARDIAN are determined to give to their patrons not only the best Catholic paper in America, but, in addition to this, they have made arrangements to give to every subscriber, for the year 1873, a beautiful and faithful engraving of the greatest and most celebrated painting in the world—Raphael's master-piece—known as "The Madonna di San Sisto." We need not inform our Catholic readers that the Madonna has been, from the earliest ages of Christian art, a favorite subject of the pencils of the great masters. The grandest success, however, has been achieved by Raphael, in whose pictures of the Madonna there prevails now the loving Mother, now the ideal of feminine beauty, until in that of St. Sixtus, he reaches the most glorious representation of the "Queen of Heaven."

This great master-piece of art was painted by Raphael for the Monastery of St. Sixtus, in the City of Placentia, in the year 1518, and is called, from its original destination, the Madonna di San Sisto.

It represents the Holy Virgin standing in a majestic attitude, the infant Savior enthroned in her arms, and around her head a glory of innumerable cherubs melting into light. Kneeling before her, we see at one side St. Sixtus, on the other, St. Barbara, and beneath her feet two Heavenly cherubs gaze up in adoration. A celebrated connoisseur of art says, "The Madonna di San Sisto, in execution, as well as in design, is probably the most perfect picture in the world."

In the beginning of the last century, the Elector of Saxony, Augustus III, purchased this picture at a cost of 80,000 florins, and it now forms the boast and ornament of the Dresden Gallery.

All new subscribers, upon payment of \$5 for the GUARDIAN, or \$6 for the GUARDIAN and Irish World, will be entitled to this splendid picture. Present subscribers, upon renewing their subscriptions and paying for the same, will also be entitled to it. No picture will be delivered until full payment is made of one year's subscription.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK PEARCE, SAVED FROM A LIFE OF MISERY. HIS EXPERIENCE FROM DR. SHERMAN'S RUPTURE. THOSE WHO WOULD BE RELIEVED SHOULD FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE.

To the Publisher of the Guardian:

I wish to add my testimony in favor of Dr. Sherman's method of curing Rupture. I was afflicted about five years, and found my rupture increasing, notwithstanding I wore a truss. I felt very much mortified, fearing I could never be cured. Casually hearing of Dr. Sherman's success in treating rupture, I called to see him. After he examined my case, and gave a favorable opinion, I felt encouraged, and went under his treatment, from which time I gradually improved, until I became perfectly sound. Believing this information will be of benefit to some one, I hope you will publish it. I am engaged at the Union Iron Works, and sometimes have to lift great weight. I feel quite proud in being cured, and recommend the afflicted to whom to apply for the same treatment.

FREDERICK PEARCE,
No. 13 Tehama Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, December 2d, 1872.

[Proof like the above is sufficient to inspire faith in any one afflicted with rupture, to Dr. Sherman's method of cure. Mr. Pearce is a reliable gentleman, and we can vouch for the truthfulness of what he says. Rupture is a very troublesome malady and, often becomes dangerous, even with the use of a truss. Dr. Sherman has been successful in inventing and discovering remedies for its cure, and devoted his whole attention to this specialty of science, with a determination meriting the reward he has achieved. We cheerfully commend him to those who require his services.] Jan. 11-17

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Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express Office, or any reliable banking house; but this Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery.

The signature of the depositor should accompany his first deposit.
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Parties who have sent to the States for friends, or who expect friends, will please notify C. Maloney, and he will attend to their arrival, and forward them with due care to their destination. By this means much may be saved and much inconvenience avoided.

A Library is attached to the House for the use of its patrons; also, a fire-proof safe, where money and other valuables are taken charge of at the risk of the proprietors.

An omnibus, with the name of the Hotel thereon, will be at the wharf to convey passengers to the Hotel free of charge.

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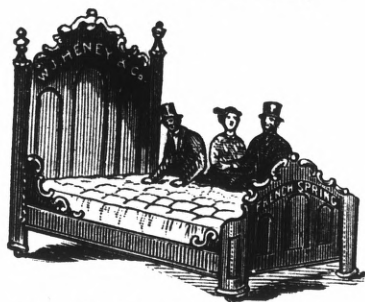
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rience and assistance in the adaptation of his method for
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Photographs of bad cases of

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Before and after treatment and cure, can be seen at his
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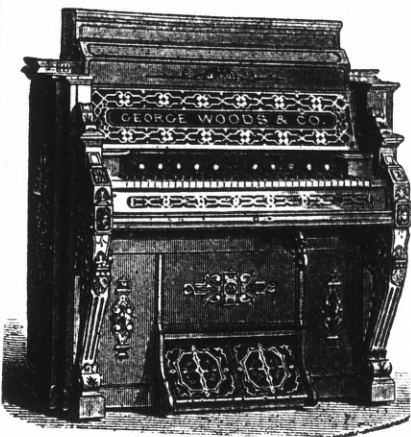
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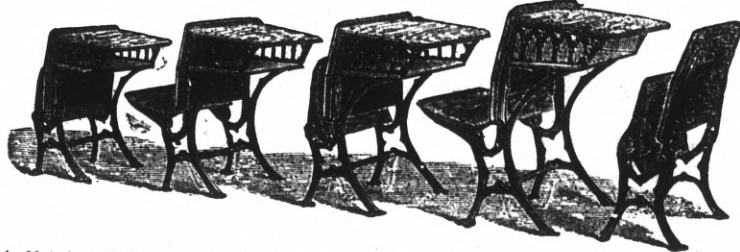
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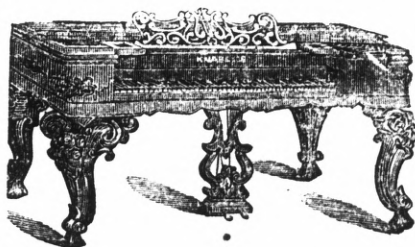
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C. G. Hooker, - - - - - James Moffitt,
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Exchange or sale on the principal cities of the United
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Commercial Credits issued available in Europe, China
and Japan.
This Bank is prepared to transact a general Banking
business.
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Collections attended to and prompt returns made at the
lowest market rate of Exchange.

THE CELEBRATED

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HAVE an unrivalled reputation throughout the great
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of tone, perfect action, thorough workmanship, and ex-
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Piano-Forte, the GEORGE Piano-Forte, the "LITTLE
BEAUTY" Piano (a perfect gem, and low priced) and
Lunan's German UPRIGHT PIANOS.

THE PRINE ORGANS

are the most popular instruments made, for Parlor,
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these are now in use. Prices from \$60 to \$450. A good
assortment on hand.

Sheet Music & Music Books.

A large and increasing stock kept on hand and
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A. L. BANCROFT & CO.
1 Market Street, San Francisco.



Cash Assets, November 1872, \$5,250,000.
Cash Capital, - - - - - \$3,000,000
Average Income, per day, over \$14,000.

The Largest Capital,

The Largest Cash Assets,

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Of any

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

In the Country.

GEO. C. BOARDMAN, Manager.

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Office, 14 Merchants' Exchange,
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General Agency for the Pacific States and Terri-
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Merchants' Exchange Building,

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MERCHANTS' MUTUAL

MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ORGANIZED APRIL 2d, 1863.

OFFICE,

406 California St., San Francisco.

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$500,000. Losses paid prompt-
ly in U. S. GOLD COIN.

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Irvine, Jabez Howes, A. L. Tubbs, C. Adolph Low, W.
J. Adams, R. E. Raimond, James P. Flint, William
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J. B. SCOTCHLER, President.
JABEZ HOWES, Vice-President.
E. W. BOURNE, Secretary.

This Company is engaged exclusively in
Marine Insurance.
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McNALLY & HAWKINS,

IMPORTERS OF GAS FIXTURES, AND ALL
kinds of Plumbing Material, No. 645 Market Street,
adjoining R. C. Orphan Asylum, San Francisco
Building fitted up with gas, water and steam pipes,
at the lowest market rates. All work warranted. At-
tention is called to the large assortment of Gas Chan-
deliers, Brackets, Pendants, Fancy Basins, Marble
Slabs, Copper Boilers, etc. Sole agents for the Pacific
Coast for the Improved Sun Burner and Ventilator, for
lighting Churches, Halls, Theatres, etc. Orders from
the Country will receive prompt attention.

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SEED WAREHOUSE,

(Established in 1853)

Nos. 409 & 411 Davis Street,
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J. P. SWEENEY & CO.
SEEDSMEN.

Constantly on hand, all kinds of Vegetable, Flower,
Field and Tree Seeds; Plants, Trees, Shrubs, Dutch
Bulbous Roots, Budding and Pruning Knives, Garden
Tools, etc. dec14-17

Burlaps, Duck, Canvas, Stripes, Osnabergs and
Linsens. Grain, Ore, Salt, Bean, Wool
and Seamless Bags.

J. & P. N. HANNA,

308 Davis Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Seaming, Baling, Fleece, Cotton, Machine and
Sail Twines. Roofing, Sheathing and
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IMPORTER OF

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DRY GOODS,

BLANKETS,
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No. 158 Third St., Near Howard,
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A large assortment of Housekeeping Goods
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Real Estate Bought & Sold.

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424 Montgomery St. East Side,
(Between California and Sacramento Sts.)
SAN FRANCISCO. dec14-17

FLAX SEED.

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CASTOR BEANS.

Pacific Oil and Lead Works,
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ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH SEED AND
contract for next year's crop of Flax Seed and
Castor Beans at rates that, with proper cultivation on
suitable land, will make them among the most profitable
crops grown. For further particulars, address

Pacific Oil and Lead Works,
No. 3 and 5 Front Street,
SAN FRANCISCO. dec14-17

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

Importers of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS.

Our full importation being now complete, we can offer
superior inducements to the Trade in
LADIES' CHILDREN'S & MEN'S HOSIERY,
VESTS, SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
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Furnishing Goods of All Kinds,
LISLE GLOVES,

And Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast for the sale of

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SANSOME STREET,
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FRENCH GOODS.

36 CALIFORNIA ST.

dec28-31

DRY GOODS!

DRY GOODS!

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

LANDERS, BYRNE & CO.

No. 4 Third Street,

ARE NOW OPENING A SPLENDID STOCK
OF
DRY GOODS,

SUITABLE FOR

HOLIDAY PRESENTS,

CONSISTING OF

BLACK SILKS from the best manufactories.
COLORED SILKS in all shades.
IRISH POPLINS, direct from Pim Bros., Dublin.
In our

Dress Goods Department

Will be found a splendid line of colors in

EMPRESS CLOTH.
DIAGONAL AND SERGE POPLIN.
SATIN DE CHENE, in all shades.
VENICE CORD SILK KENTEN, in all shades.
FEMOSA CLOTH, etc., etc.

SCOTCH AND POPLIN PLAIDS.

IN MOURNING GOODS

Our stock is the most complete in this City, comprising

BLACK POPLINS, DRAP DE ETE.
PARRAMATTAS AND HENRIETTA CLOTH.
CASHMERE AND CARLOTTA CLOTH.
TANSE, FOULARD, CRETONNES,
BIARREIZ, EMPRESS AND PARISIAN CLOTH.

A complete assortment of
HOSIERY,
GLOVES,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
EMBROIDERIES,
LACES, and
SMALL WARE.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS

Being a specialty with us, our patrons can always de-
pend on finding this department well worthy of attention.

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CARPETS.

AXMINSTER, Moquette, Wilton, Velvet, Body
Brussels, Lace Curtains, Brucetelle, Reys, Terry,
Damasks, etc. And full and complete stock of

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

The largest stock on the Pacific Coast. Call and ex-
amine before purchasing.

FRANK G. EDWARDS,

Nos. 628, 630 and 642 CLAY STREET, and 633 and
635 MERCHANT STREET.

Every kind of Wall Paper Decoration made to order.

BOKER'S BITTERS.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS SOLE AGENT IN
California for the sale of the above celebrated Bit-
ters. He is prepared to deal with merchants and jobbers
on the most reasonable terms.
WM. B. JOHNSTON,
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dec14-17

MARBLE WORKS.

JOHN DANIEL & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF
J and dealers in Monuments, Headstones, Tombs,
Mantel Pieces, Table Tops, Counter Tops, Plumbers'
Slabs, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest prices. 422
Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San
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MASSEY & YUNG,

PRACTICAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS.
Barstow's Burial Caskets always on hand, and
Agents for Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases.
Everything necessary for funerals kept constantly on
hand. Orders from the country will receive prompt
attention, at moderate charges.
Office—651 Sacramento Street, between Kearny and
Webb.

REYNOLDS & FORD.

COMMISSION

MERCHANTS

AND DEALERS IN

Produce, Bags and Twines.

313, DAVIS STREET.

dec14-17 SAN FRANCISCO.

C. P. R. R.

Commencing Sunday, December 22, 1872.
and until further notice, Trains
and Boats will leave San
Francisco.

7.00 A. M. (Daily)—Atlantic Express Train (via
Oakland) for Sacramento, Marysville, Red-
ding and Portland (O.) Colfax, Reno, Ogden and Omaha.

7.15 A. M. (Daily)—Cal. P. R. R. Steamer (from
Broadway Wharf) — Connecting, at Vallejo,
with Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacra-
mento; making close connection at Napa with Stages for
Sonoma.

2.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—S. F. & N. P.
R. R. Steamer (from Broadway Wharf) —
Connecting at Donahue with Trains for Cloverdale;
making close connection at Lakeville with stages for
Sonoma.

2.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Stockton Steamer
(from Broadway Wharf) — Touching at
Vallejo, Benicia and Landings on the San Joaquin River.

3.00 P. M. (Daily)—San Jose Passenger Train, (via
Oakland) stopping at all Way Stations.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Passenger Train
(via Oakland) for Lathrop, Merced, Visalia,
Tipton and Los Angeles, Stockton and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Cal. P. R. R.
Steamer (from Broadway Wharf) — Connect-
ing at Vallejo with Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Land-
ing and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Sacramento Steamer
(from Broadway Wharf) — Touching at
Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.

5.15 P. M. (Daily)—Overland Emigrant Train (via
Oakland)—Through Freight and Accommo-
dation.

OAKLAND BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—
7:00, 8:10, 9:20, 10:10 and 11:20 A. M.; 12:10, 1:50, 3:00,
4:00, 5:15, 6:30, 8:15, 9:20 and 11:30 P. M. (9:20, 12:20
and 3:00, to Oakland only.)
LEAVE BROOKLYN (For San Francisco)—5:30, 6:40,
7:50, 9:00 and 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 2:40, 4:55, 6:10, 7:55 and
10:10 P. M.

LEAVE OAKLAND—5:40, 6:50, 8:00, 9:10, 10:00 and
11:10 A. M.; 12:00, 1:40, 2:50, 3:50, 5:05, 6:20, 8:05 and
10:20 P. M.

ALAMEDA BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—
7:20, 9:00 and 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 4:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M.
(7:20, 11:15 and 5:30 to Fruit Vale only.)
LEAVE HAYWARD (For San Francisco)—4:30, 7:00
and 10:45 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.

LEAVE FRUIT VALE.—5:15, 7:35, 9:00 and 11:20 A. M.
1:30, 4:05 and 5:30 P. M.

*Except Sundays.

T. H. GOODMAN, A. N. TOWNE,
Gen'l Pass'gr and Ticket Ag't. Gen'l Sup't.

Southern Pacific Railroad.

Time Schedule—Commencing Sept. 15th, 1872.

TRAINS SOUTH.	Through Trains.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.
Leave—			
San Francisco.....	8:40 A. M.	5:20 P. M.	14:40 P. M.
San Jose.....	11:10 A. M.	5:42 P. M.	7:00 P. M.
Gilroy.....	12:30 P. M.		
Pajaro.....	2:20 P. M.		
Castroville.....	3:05 P. M.		
Salinas.....	3:45 P. M.		
Hollister.....	2:40 P. M.		

TRAINS NORTH.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.	Through Trains.
Leave—			
Hollister.....			11:05 A. M.
Salinas.....			10:00 A. M.
Castroville.....			10:40 A. M.
Pajaro.....			11:30 A. M.
Gilroy.....			1:10 P. M.
San Jose.....	10:50 A. M.	7:45 A. M.	2:31 P. M.
San Francisco.....	9:10 A. M.	10:10 A. M.	5:10 P. M.

* SATURDAYS 2:30 P. M. * SUNDAYS excepted.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

THROUGH TRAINS leave San Francisco at 4:15
A. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 4:25 P. M.
Trains for San Jose and Way Stations leave San Fran-
cisco at 1:00 P. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 11:30
A. M.

A. N. TOWNE, A. C. BASSETT,
Gen'l Superintendent. Ass't Superintendent.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Gen'l Passenger & Ticket Agent.

SULLIVAN, KELLY & CO.

N. W. Cor. Pine & Front Sts.

Where they offer for sale

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

PAINTS,

OILS,

GLASS, etc., etc.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

At the Lowest Market Rates.

101, 103, 105 FRONT STREET,

110 PINE STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

**COMMERCIAL
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Of California.**

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Peter Dean, John H. Wise,
Chas. J. Deering.

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H. C. Kirk, H. S. Crocker,
D. W. Welty, N. D. Thayer,
J. H. Sullivan, F. S. Freeman.

C. W. KELLOGG, President

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Fire and Marine Insurance.

**UNION
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO.**

THE CALIFORNIA LLOYDS,

ESTABLISHED IN 1861.

Nos. 416 and 418 California St.

Cash Capital, - - - \$750,000 Gold
Assets Exceed - - - \$1,000,000 Coin

FAIR RATES,

PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF LOSSES,
SOLID SECURITY.

DIRECTORS:

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James Otis, Jabez Howes,
Moses Heller, Nicholas Luning,
Joseph A. Donohoe, John Parrott,
M. J. O'Connor, Milton S. Latham,
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W. C. Ralston, Geo. C. Hickox,
A. Wasserman, Morton Cheeseman,
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GUSTAVE TOUCHARD, President.
N. G. KITTLE, Vice-President.
CHARLES D. HAVEN, Secretary.
GEO. T. BOHEN, Surveyor.

THE

STATE INVESTMENT

AND

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital, - - - \$200,000

U. S. GOLD COIN, in 2,000 shares of \$100 each.
Payments in Four Installments, of Twenty-five
(25) per cent. each, in Gold Coin. Fire, Marine and
Inland Navigation Insurance.

TYLER CURTIS, President
PETER DONAHUE, Vice-President
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OF

NEW GOODS

FOR

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

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(Successors to Haynes & Lawton.)

BEG to call the attention of those about pur-
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to their fresh importation of New Decorations
in French and Japanese Porcelain, including Din-
ner, Tea and Dessert Sets; also, the latest styles
Glassware, richly cut and engraved; French
Bronzes and Clocks; New Patterns Electro
Silver-Plated Ware, including Tea Sets, Ice
Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Centre Pieces, Salvers,
Casters, Water Pitchers, Epergnes, Tea and Coffee
Urns; Fancy Forks, Spoons and Ladles; also,
Japanese and French Vases, Jardiniers and Cus-
padores, Majolica Ware, Mantel Ornaments,
Bronze Inkstands, Smokers' Sets, and Fancy
Articles of all descriptions.

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dec14-17. UNDER GRAND HOTEL.